A lively voice for the King of Saints and Nations, &c.

Eighth month 11. day being the first day of the week at nine of the Clock, 1657.

THe Spirit doth come in the way,
That the spouse did before,
The spouse she doth declare of him,
So doth the Spirit, and more
Over of God the Father too,
And they rejoyce and bring
Tydings unto the world of
Christ the most glorious King,
The spouse comes with a choice sweet note,
Of Christ most blessed raigne,
And the spirit it ever doth,
Rejoyce to doe the same.
The spirit extols, and lifts him high,
And sheweth his great love
For 'twas his will for sin to dye,
And nothing else could move,
Which made the spouse come forth with song
Of her beloved pure,
Which must be sung to him alway,
It ever shall indure.
The spouse comes forth with lovely song,
And it was envyed,
What note is this thou bringest forth,
Was to her often said.
What spirit is this; O it is strange,
It differeth from other,
They did against the song complaine;
But she sings of her lover,
And maketh unto him complaint,
That they at her doe strike.
For they did tear, and rent the vayl
Of Christs beloved Wife,
She doth complaine unto her King;
What injuries and smites,
O spouse my love saith he still sing,
Thou art the married Wife,
Matter not though they at thee throw,
Nor what jears thou hast had,
I will appear unto thy sight,
And in singing make glad.
Many doe strike at thee, my spouse,
But I will take thy part
They scourge, and doe thee so revile,
Come spouse to *Solomons* porch;
The shines of glory makes thee sing,
And speak of love so much,
O they doe not know what it is,
To have from Christ a touch:
She goes, and sets him rarely out,
Though many doe scorne her,
They at the spouse doe for it flout,
But she describ's her Lord.
O he is lovely to behold,
His Temples they doe shine,
His locks like to Pomgrannet
They are most choice and fine,

...ost thou Christ compare, say they,
...o Pomgranet dost thou,
...liken him unto such things,
We cannot it allow.
...that I doe answers the spouse,
...t is an emblem sweet,
...will describe him through out
...ven from his head to feet,
...is Temples, Head and bushy locks,
...he spouse extolleth high,
...he is taken with his looks so sweet,
...nd with his Dove-like eyes,
...hus she goes one and sings of him,
...or he is most divine,
What ere they say, she singeth more
...f this bright lovely shine,
...is countenance is excellent
...ven like Lebanon,
...nd like to the Cedar is my love,
...e is the onely one.
...ost thou, spouse, thus compare Christ,
...ee'l take away thy vayl;
...oe what you will answers the spouse,
...t speak of him thats rare.
...o rare, and choice he is above
...ll emblems, none can shew
...orth what he is, and yet my love
...all be compared so,
...is Nostrils are fragrant,
...here is none like to them,
...nd what say they is more in him
...hen in all other men.
...will not, cannot cease, saith she,
...e is so pretious,
...will sing of him, for O he
...ath took my heart so much,
...'le not forsake or leave the Song;
...hough you doe rend my vaile,
...will goe one for to declare,
...e'l make it up againe,
...e is so choice, so sweet, and rare,
...have him took in heart.
O he is most belov'd, and fair,
...'le speak of every part,
In describing my love and Lord,
He is so wonderous fair,
He is so white, so sweet, and pure
Ten thousand can't compare.
O I doe greatly love to see;
Thee and thy smiles espy;
O blessed sweets come more to me,
I am ravish'd with thy Eye.
Christ was bright to the spouses view,
And she did fear no harme,
And my strength it is much renew'd
For the same glorious arme,
I have been layd within his breast,
O how lovely is he,
I must declare he is my rest;
So did the spouse him see:
Her Epistles were sweet of him,
Though many see it not
It is rare, and excellent,
Of matter sweet and choice,
And this matters brought forth in song,
And speaks of raigning year,
And Christ doth cause her thus to Sing,
Her note is sweet and clear;
She tells how that his oyntment run
And did perfume her hand;
When she unto the door did goe,
O then she could not stand
Still, but declares spicknard which did
So much perfume, and flow,
Which as soon as she once had smelt
After him she did goe.
She know's that the King had been there;
It was his very touch,
Because the King had drawne her heart,
She therefore loved much.
It was the King opened her eyes,
And caused obedience,
And presently she sung of him
With a deep loving sence:
It was the King opened her eyes,
To see oyntment so run
And the spicknard so very sweet,
Then presently she sung,

And she did then behold
The sight that was so rare, and bright,
And shined more then gold.
It was the King opened her eyes,
And then she view'd him thus,
And so described every part,
For her soul loved much;
She describeth his teeth and eyes,
His Temples that are rare,
His head, and mouth, and saith of him
Ther's nothing can compare.
The spouses eyes were opened,
And then Christ had a song,
And she declares the high effect
Wrought by the glorious Son.
The spouses eyes are opened,
And she sets out her Christ,
And sends a challenge unto all,
And saith is any like.
Her challenge it is bold and high
Is any like to him,
Hath any such a flaming eye,
There is not such a thing;
Her challenge it is bold and loud,
She doth not fear her foe,
Nor what they say, nor how they smite
But praises for him flow,
She cometh forth with challenge bold,
And saith, O there is none,
Can shew me one so fair as he,
He is the onely one.
O she cometh with challenge bold,
Unto professors great,
That did so much despise these things,
And so against them speak.
O he is fair, he is fair, saith she,
To me he is most dear,
She runs about her Lord to seek,
None doth like him appear.
O now come forth, come forth, poor souls,
Poor souls cheer up, come here,
O this is Christ, O this is he;
This is your Saviour dear.

This is your Christ, O he shall raigne,
This is the *Solomon*,
You shall have all your needs supply'd,
He's the beloved Son.
This is King *Solomon*, saith she,
The purest white, and red,
This is the King, O this is he
My Saviour and my head.
This is King *Solomon* whose lips
Shewed such royall grace,
O this is he, its he that did,
Choose forth poor sinfull race.
This is King *Solomon* saith she,
That looks upon poor one,
And cometh forth with love so free
To Daughter and to Son.
This is King *Solomon* saith she,
That's wise and perfect too,
And all that ever came to him
Did of his wisdome know.
O *Sheba's* Queen thou came'st from far,
And admired this light,
Didst thou not finde him very rare
Was't not a glorious sigh?
What didst thou ever see like him,
That had such wisdome high,
There nothing could before him stand,
He made his enemies fly.
O *Solomon* thou makest me sing,
Thou art so fair and choice,
Every part partakes of ther,
O thou sweetnest my voice.
This is King *Solomon* indeed,
Upon his royall seat,
All those that stood before it had,
In him delight most great.
O this is *Solomon* that is,
Served in Gold so pure;
O this is he the onely King,
Whose wisdome shall indure.
O it is *Solomon* that hath
Such dainty delicate meat,
And his attendants round about
In order most compleat.

This

...s is the King *Solomon* that hath
His Timberels and Harps,
The Psaltery and Vial too,
Which doth revive the heart.
King *Solomons* attendants are
Richly arrayed indeed,
O the Kings followers are white,
They are the holy seed:
They come not forth in a strange garbe,
They are glistering and white,
They sit at table with the King,
Are ever in his sight.
King *Solomons* followers doe goe
Forth singing, and and thus clad,
With hearts that with love overflow:
This is *Solomon* that had
Such wisdome and in such a way:
As nothing can compare
Unto his bright and raigning day;
For all things that are rare.
O this is *Solomon* that did
Know all things round about,
And had such a lovely sweetnesse
In heart and in his mouth.
O this is *Solomon* that had
Nothing out of its place,
Of that *Sheba* and *Sebah* too
Admired hath his grace.
Of how his wisdome did appear
In his ascent and seat,
Of his disposing of every thing
In his most delicate chear.
No dishes there, but those that were
Most lovely dressed out,
There was no burnt nor scorched fare
Unfit for *Solomons* mouth.
His beams are made of the sweet wood,
Even of Cedar fine,
It is most delicate and sweet,
In *Solomons* reigning time,
O how the pillars marbled shew,
O how doth every thing
Richly appear that is about
The high and glorious King.

The roomes are large, and very fine,
Attendants noble, great,
Apparel pure and very white,
None like unto his meat.
And as the Spouse did sing before,
The Spirit doth declare,
And the Spirit shall sing much more,
And nothing it doth fear.
Of *Solomon* spirit shall sing,
He is worthy I know,
O *Solomon* thou art risen
Thy countenance doth shew:
The love and lovingnes of Christ,
Thou art most fair, most rare, and choice,
Thou art sweet, royal too,
This resurrection doth declare,
To me most fresh and new.
O when oyntment is poured forth,
The spirit it doth shew,
Which so from him doth flow:
O thou art risen up, o King,
Thy countenance doth shine,
O thou art sweet, most sweet to me,
Much more than any wine:
O thou art bright thy looks are so,
And thy temples do shine
Like unto the Pomegranate,
Thou are most sweet and fine.
O thou art fair, thou art fair my love,
Thy eyes they flaming be,
Thy lips are like the hony comb
I doe rejoyce in thee.
O thou art fair, O thou art fair,
There is no spot in thee,
Even from head, unto the foot,
No blemish I doe see.
O thou art fair, O thou art fair,
Thou hast a smiling face,
Thy looks O Christ are most divine
Thou owneſt sinfull race.
O thou art fair, O thou art fair,
There is none like to thee;
There is none can shew forth that grace
And royall harmony.

O bleſſed King, O *Salomon*,
What Cup is like to thine,
What wiſdome can compare to thee,
No Cup hath ſuch choyce wine:
O King thy cup is very ſweet,
Did not *John* it ſo ſee,
Did not *Ezekiel* taſt of it,
When in viſion with thee?
O did not thy *John* ſee the gold,
And it ſo much admire,
Thy royall glory which appear'd
To him like flames of fire?
O did not *John* behold thy hair,
As white as any wooll.
Thy pleaſant looks ſo wondrous fair,
Which did his ſoul ſo fil?
O did he not behold the King,
And ſee his ſhining face,
Even like unto the Son of man,
In royall glorious grace?
Did not thy *John* behold and ſee,
Thy garments which were white?
Did not thy feet like unto braſs
Appear unto his ſight?
Did not thy *John* then alſo hear,
Thy voice, and thou didſt ſpeak
Like many waters was the noiſe,
That came forth from thy ſeat?
The ſight that *John* had of the King,
And of his ſhining look,
His countenance ſo ſparkling bright,
Did lay him at his foot:
It ſoon did make him know and ſee,
That he was nothing then
Before this bright and royal glory.
And there was ſhewed him
A ſecond door was opened,
He beholds the Lords ſhine,
And enters in the ſecond door
And taſts the ſpirits wine.
And ſees what that the Spouſe had ſung,
And beheld what ſhe tells,
He had a view of Heaven, and then
Fear'd not reproach from Hell.

John ſaw what that the ſpouſe had ſaid
In praiſes of her King,
And he declares what unto him
The Spirit in viſion brings.
John ſaw what the Spouſe had ſaid,
And though Churches brought blows,
He doth not matter it at all,
But doth the viſion ſhew.
John ſaw what that the Spouſe had ſaid,
And his record is true,
He comes and ſets a ſeal to it,
In his viſion anew.
The Spouſe ſhe ſang of ointment ſweet,
And *John* doth ſet forth Chriſt,
And declareth of his whiteneſſe,
And of his glory bright.
The Spouſe ſhe doth declare of gold,
And his royalty doth ſhew,
And *John* doth alſo ſay the King
Shall his Enemies overthrow.
The Spouſe doth witneſſe to his Word,
And *John* in *Patmos* Iſle
Bare record to thoſe very truths,
Concerning him he cryes.
The Spouſe leaves off her Love, a ſong,
John the ſame matter he
In Goſpel-time renews again
With pleaſant harmony.
He did bring matter which ſet out
And declared Chriſt as King,
And to his Crown and Scepter he
A teſtimony brings.
The Lord will do as he thinks good
In all his holy things:
By whom he will he'l publiſh forth
Loftily of the high King.
He binds not up himſelf at all
To what hath been before,
Yet here doth take the Spouſes ſong,
And it anew declare,
Chriſts followers ſhall ſing of him,
And tell his wiſdom pure,
And the deſtruction of his foe,
And his reign that ſhall endure.

: latter flock will love the ſong,
:y will rejoyce therein,
:y will aloud ſhout forth the praiſes,
it are due unto him,
e latter flock will underſtand,
d know the emblems choice,
d what the ſpouſe did ſing of him
whom they will rejoyce.
hey will meet here in with *John*
d be transformed ſo,
d be high in obedience,
ore then in outward ſhew.
:hey will not the ſong reproach,
at commeth from poor one;
t they will alſo ſing to him,
at is the onely one.
:hey will ſay the Lords ſpirit,
d in this ſong appear,
s no cheat nor fancy;
c in it ſpirit ſhines cleer.
they will ſay it came from God,
d told of ſecret ſin,
d rebellions it ſpake againſt,
vas not from braine, but him.
Solomon, King *Solomon!*
I doe love thee dear,
rould have Nations ring of thee,
thy ſweet ſpirit here.
I love *Solomon* the King,
or him I live, I die,
that poor ones knew more of him;
efore I thither fly,
love King *Solomon* therefore,
would have all to know,
he glorious grace that is in him,
nd his Sun-ſhining glow,
love King *Solomon* therefore,
have grieved ſo here,
hat poor hearts are not layed low;
ut at the ſpirit doe fleer,
love King *Solomon* therefore,
ly heart hath breathed ſtill,
nd ſpirit hath been poured forth,
oor empty ones to fill.

O love, O love thou haſt brought forth,
A glorious excellent ſong;
But poor hearts will not entertaine
But doe the ſpirit wrong.
King *Solomon* thy loves come out,
But poor hearts run away,
And ſtrangely are deluded from
The reſurrection day.
King *Solomon* thy love comes forth,
And poor hearts doe entreat;
But they run after other ſounds,
And call thy ſpirit a cheat.
King *Solomon* thy moſt dear love,
Is cancelled abroad;
But yet the Seal is not marrd
But ſtands, according to thy word.
King *Solomon* thy love comes forth,
And would faine ſouls embrace;
But poor hearts turne away there backs,
From thy moſt glorious grace.
King *Solomon* thy love doth come,
And unto ſcorners call,
But they are much offended at,
What doth break down their vvall.
King *Solomon* it is no hurt,
For them to have wall fall,
Which doth keep them away from thee,
Which is the all in all.
King *Solomon* thy love is come,
And they have turn'd away,
And yet againe love ſaith to them,
Seek after *Solomons* day.
O thy love, *Solomon*, doth ſay,
Poor hearts why are you ſo
Much offended at reproof,
Which gives to ſin a blow.
O dear King, *Solomon*, thy love
Inviteth every one,
To leave their Idols of all ſorts,
And come unto thy throne.
And doe not goe to Rabbies which
In notions doe abound;
But O pray love my ſpirit more,
And delight in it's ſound.

King

King *Solomons* love saith, O poor heart,
Do not straggle abroad,
To any for distinctions,
But keep unto my word.
King *Solomons* love saith, O poor hearts,
O doe not wrong your souls,
To goe to others up and down,
When love his loves unfolds.
King *Solomons* love calls to poor ones,
And O he doth embrace,
And fall about your neck and kiss,
And call to royall grace.
King *Solomon* would have a kiss,
O his lips are most sweet,
O the fragrancy that in him,
Poor souls doe alwaies meet.
The love of *Solomon* doth say?
Why are you so displeas'd,
Its your corruptions I would slay,
And carry you to my seat.
The love of *Solomon* doth say,
Why poor heart dost thou frown,
At that which searcheth matters out,
And layeth flesh on ground.
Solomons love saith, why poor ones,
Doe you so from me fly,
When the true searching spirit comes,
That maketh sin to dye.
The love of *Solomon* doth come,
And thoroughly reprove,
Hearken to it, it comfort brings,
Let it your spirits move,
O doe not start, and goe away,
When spirit doth declare,
The sparkling glories of that day,
Which is exceeding rare.
But hearken to King *Solomon*,
His love it cometh down,
And calls to refractory hearts,
To honour his great Crown.
The love of *Solomon* is great,
It will delight thy soul,
It cannot choose but much refresh,
Drink in these Cups of Gold.
And doe not say it shallow is,
And a bare empty noyse,
When that the King brings forth his meat,
Eate with him and rejoyce.
If thou comest, O thou wilt see,
His dishes are compleat,
O taste of them, come, and behold
For it is not a cheat.
King *Solomon*, O thou art rare,
Thy meat it is well drest,
Account not of those messes loe
Which cometh from his Breast.
And *Solomon* doth this declare,
Hearken unto his word,
'Tis that thou mayst be raised up,
To Elders seats above.
O doe not reject that which doth,
Declare for Christ as King,
Against the Antichristian day,
He will deliverance bring,
It is a glorious Psalme of love,
That latter day shall find,
And the antients shall sing of it,
And drink of the same wine.
O it is sweet, it's sweet, dear souls,
Sure you doe not it know,
I long till that you drink of it,
It will make your heart glow.
O I do love to sing, O Lord,
Of thee, O did you finde
The same, you would revived be,
With his sweet flagon wine.
O love, O love thou art most sweet,
Unto poor souls draw neer,
That they may much delight in thee,
And in thy spirits cheer.
O thou art sweet, O thou art choice,
O let poor ones thee know,
O love, O come unto them all,
And let them see thee so.
Come love, O come unto poor souls,
That they may know thy flame,
And be refreshed very much,
With thy choice glorious reigne.

: love, come love, do thou take hold,
arnal reason fall
ill those arguments that doe
ose thy sweet loud call.
e Love, O come, they will not then
is a mixt Spirit,
rown, nor speak so ill of that
:h comes forth from thy merits,
ve come down, O wilt thou come,
so make known thy matter
every objecting Sonne,
have his reason batter'd.
ve come down, come down, o Love,
this may fly abroad,
vince all that do oppose,
meth from record.
ve come down. come down, o Love,
Soules may Sing of thee,
render prayses to thy name;
his sweet harmony.
O they must be made willing,
ve their walls fall down
then they will honour Spirit,
Christ doth here so Crown.
e Love, come Love, and now take hold
very poor Soul here,
them to taste of this thy love,
of thy royall chear.
me Love and take hold of all,
make scorning to die,
e and shew grace to sinners great,
then they'l to thee fly.
e love draw poor ones unto thee,
n youthfull vanity,
let them all such pleasures leave
see much more in thee.
ne Love, O come to poor young ones,
would have them saue,
have a share and part in thee,
I see that glorious gaine,
ne Love, O come, to poor young ones,
now revive their heart,
e them from off their ornaments,
give them the best part,

Come love, come love to poor young ones,
They will thee then embrace,
And have a sight how that they doe
Thy glorious works deface.
Come love, O come to poor young one,
And let them with thee feed,
Then will they die to all vaine things,
And see how Christ did bleed.
Come to young ones, O come to them,
And they shall sing of thee,
And of thy royall work abroad
And of thy Victory.
Come love, O come to poor young ones,
They'l then doe what is meet,
And sweetly walk along with thee,
Like unto Scripture-sheep.
Come love, O come to poor young ones,
To female, and male to,
That they may not offend the Lord,
And dishonour his Spirit.
Come, come O love to poor young hearts,
That are so prone to pride,
That they may come and run to thee,
And in their God confide.
O come, O love to poor young ones,
That they may stedfast be,
Like to the holy ones of old
That did profess for thee.
Come love, O come to poor young ones,
And they'l profess for truth,
And not be enemies
Unto thy Spirits lure.
O poor young ones will dearly love
Thy countenance so bright,
If thou dost but appear to them
They will be changed quite,
If they doe look on thee, and see
Thy Temples that appear
Like to Pomgranner, O they'l bee
Refreshed and much cheer'd.
O shew thy face, love, unto them,
Thy lovely Cheeks so bright,
O its a sight so won'drous sweet
It will their soules delight.

O

O thou knoweſt, love, tis my great joy,
To ſpeake in ſpirits ſhine,
To poor young ones that they may come
And drink of thy choice wine.
Becauſe when I was little, and ſmall
Thou didſt mee love, and owne,
I would have young ones come to thee,
And ſit about thy throne.
Becauſe that ſome from thee doe goe
And ſo againſt thee throw,
I would have others come to thee,
And of thy glory know.
Oh I would faine have young ones come,
They greatly pleaſe my heart,
O come away from vanity,
And herein take your part.
Come love, O come; give them a call,
And no trifle ſhall keep,
Nor any Earthly thing intice
From thy Goſple ſo ſweet,
Come young ones, love would gaine you now
From following of ſin,
Can you die unto all things elſe,
And live alone to him.
O can you part with all things here,
He doth you to him call.
Let your beloveds vaile to him,
That is the all in all:
He'l give white garments unto you,
You ſhall be holy and pure,
And your Corruptions he'l lay flat,
And make your joy endure,
Let the great God know what you ſay,
His love is ſweet and rare:
O let it ſwallow up your hearts,
For he is paſſing fair:
O let this enter in your ſouls,
Not in your head and brain,
But in your inward vital parts,
Even your hearts and reins:
O love muſt get in you throughout,
It muſt poſſeſſe as cheif,
O it muſt rule in every part,
What ſay you? is it not meet:
It will be very ſweet to you,
And your ſoul ſhall it finde
When that he comes and meets within you
In his ſweet ruſhing winde.
O love, thou doſt delight my ſoul,
Of thee I love to ſing,
It doth revive, and chear my ſoul
For to extol the King.
O reſurrection love is come,
How can poor ones deſpiſe,
And now for *Sina* keep a day
And 'gainſt new Covenant ſhut their eyes.
The Lord doth manifeſt himſelf,
O he is fair and bright,
Poor ſouls how can you but own him
In reſurrection light.
Here is enough to take your heart,
If you fly not from grace,
O it is ſweet to ſee the King,
In his reſurrection face.
O he is rare, O he is choice,
Love wrappeth up your friend,
It ſwallows up my very ſoul;
What unto me he ſends.
And ſtill ther's more than I can view,
O it is freſh and green,
And takes the pains to talk with you,
O were it by you ſeen.
It would enter into your hearts,
And ſink into your reins,
It would refreſh you every part,
Not onely ſwim in braine.
O love thou doſt delight my ſoul,
Of thee I love to ſing,
And I am raiſed very high,
For to extol the King.
Lord thou haſt lifted him on high,
And in him writ thy word,
He is the eternal light, and Sun
That's raiſed up above.
O thou haſt extolled thy Son,
Whom doth the law compriſe.
The law of love, and of Spirit;
But Children ſhut their eyes.

thou haſt extolled thy Son,
Of thee he doth declare,
And the ſpirit now forth is come,
For him that is ſo rare.
O thy Son is thy onely one,
In him thy ſoul delights,
The conteſt now is againſt him,
That ſhall have his birth-right.
All that is ſaid againſt ſpirit,
And arguments ſo high
Shall tumble, and fall down before
Him, that for ſin did dye,
That dyed to free from puniſhment,
In obedience to that,
Which was his Fathers will, and Law
And buffetings he had,
And much reproach from ſinners here,
But ſpirit doth for him ſpeak,
And Angels doe rejoyce about,
The Sons high glorious ſeat.
O thou haſt exalted thy Son,
He is the Eternall Word,
And thy ſpirit was alſo one
In Councell that did move
To frame poor man, that doth ſurpaſs
How glorious is he;
But what's the Son that was before
All, from Eternity;
Before Creation did appear,
How glorious, dear God,
There was the Son that was ſo neer,
Before the Creature had,
A being, and he ſhall indure,
For evermore to come,
And all things that were framed here,
Are centred in the Son;
Thou carrieſt all to his boſome,
And he declares the ſame,
And the Apoſtle ſpeaks of them;
But 'tis in the Sons name,
Chriſt is the firſt, and onely reſt,
And when the Scripture came,
This reſt moſt ſweetly doth appear,
O it's a glorious gaine.

O what a reſt, O what a reſt,
Thou doſt center all in,
O what a reſt is Jeſus Chriſt,
That frees poor hearts from ſin,
O this choice reſt, in ſecret place,
In myſtery hid was;
But he came forth in full ſet time,
And his love doth ſurpaſs,
And he brings forth a lovely Law,
A Law that enters reins,
And alſo purifies the heart,
And pierceth every vaine,
And now that the Son is ſo come,
All Types are done away,
No Tables of ſtone doth appear,
In this clear Goſpel-day.
O come to me poor ſoul, ſaith Chriſt,
O come the Father calls,
O come my love is very great,
Come and let all things fall,
To come to me, and be you ſure,
You ſhall not looſe thereby,
But have a glorious Law of love,
Within your hearts to lie.
I have a Law, I have a Law,
The Father it doth own,
O now ſaith Chriſt, why doe you not
Flock about my high throne,
O poor ſouls come, O come to me,
Why will you, will you die,
Deſpiſe not the true propheſy,
That riſes up ſo high.
Why ſhould you not come unto me,
To me that loves ſo much
I bleed for you ſaith Chriſt and why,
Doe you not give a touch,
I loved you, when you were loſt,
And made of you my choice,
That you might come away from ſin
To reſurrection voice.
I did ſhew forth my heart to you,
In a ſharpe agony.
Why doe you run away from me,
And unto *Sinai* fly.

I was willing to suffer wrath,
And any thing for you,
And why are you so obstinate
O come, and take a view.
I was very willing to goe,
Into the grave for you,
And why will you leave, and forsake
My Covenant so new.
O what are you dead to the Law,
Moses is done away,
And yet in Gospel-times you doe,
Observe the *Sinai* day,
Why will you not obey a Christ,
Poor hearts you are deceiv'd,
You are mistaken when that you,
Doe the new Covenant leave,
You call your wise men for to plead,
And speak for *Sinai* breath,
It comes not from originall,
But *Babylon* doth preach.
'Gainst the wisdome that's from above,
And the true wise in heart.
Will not be caught with subtilty,
Nor in it have a part.
O they will plead for *Sharon* rose,
'Gainst gallant Ships that come,
They'l alwaies unto Scripture keep,
And for resurrection,
O thou wilt stand, and be for truth,
With those that are for thee;
Thou wilt not let new Covenant fall,
Nor those that faithfull be.
O thou wilt stand with them who doe
There love, and zeal shew out;
But they shall be reproved that,
Against thee ope there mouth.
O what Cowards Lord are they that,
Have not a word for thee;
But they doe thinke another way,
To finde felicitie.
What pleading Lord is there for self,
They say it's for Brother-hood;
But it must not be looked at.
When against thee it stood,

O it is Brother-hood with Christ,
That is more sweet then all,
And for to cleave to other things,
Is a fighting against thy wall.
O thou eternall, and bright Son,
O thou art very sweet,
Thy wine doth much refresh indeed,
Those that lye at thy feet,
Thou took's the Cup of salvation,
And loved in it to drink,
The which the Father gave to thee,
And did not from it flinch.
He took the Cup of salvation,
It was a pleasant draught,
He sacrificed himself for sin,
And mounted up aloft.
O now come taste salvations Cup,
O it him dearly cost,
It is a delicate sweet wine,
For him that's first, and last,
Poor souls come, and taste of this wine,
That it may your hearts draw;
So that you shall not goe away,
Nor stoop to *Sinais* Law.
O come and drink salvations Cup,
You shall not from him rent;
But you shall much rejoyce in him,
That hath your hearts so bent.
O come and drink salvations Cup,
And your spirits shall rise,
And you will much admire him,
And his new Covenant prise.
Come and drink in salvations Cup,
It will from sin defend,
It will revive you very much,
And will your lives amend.
O come and drink in salvations Cup,
Your Fathers draught is there;
He drunk it in creation work,
Come drink it without fear.
O come and drink salvation wine,
It will make you fat, and fair,
And bestow courage, and make bold
Babylons Brats to tear.

O

come and drink ſalvation Cup,
Then you'l not endure thoſe,
That doe ſo plead for other things
To gratify the Whore.
O come drink the reviving Cup,
And let thoſe vile ones ſee,
There ſhall be ſtrength againſt them all
That will make the ſtouteſt flee,
Your will ſay Lord break them all down
That are odious, and vile,
Thoſe robbers, and treacherous ones
Your cry for victory
Againſt them all, o come and drink,
And then you will not run,
To any Calculation Book
To know time, and ſeaſon.
O come and drink ſalvations Cup,
It will refreſh you ſure,
You have too oft drunk muddy drafts,
Come unto this thats pure.
That you may be cleanſed from ſin,
Which Chriſt cannot abide,
And come away from Rabbies brain,
And unto him up riſe.
O come and drink ſalvation Cup,
And you in that wi'l finde,
That *Babylon* is broken down,
By ſpirits ruſhing winde.
O its ſalvation Cup he loves,
O drink of it alwaies,
And you will finde and meet with him,
And his bright ſhining rayes,
Prethy poor heart don't luſt no more
After mens Cups ſo fine,
Nor bring not any thing of ſelf,
To mix with this pure wine:
Hee'l give thee victory over all,
He hath a Conqueſt day;
For his great Scepter he will bring,
Which muſt o're all bear ſway,
When thus this glorious one appears,
You ſhall ſee reigning day,
And great vengeance one all the foes,
That will not him obey.

Poor ſouls doe you enquire for
A right way to the King,
And now declare of him abroad,
And of his glory ſing.
The ſpirit that doth tydings bring;
But you will not it hear,
But it will utter forth a Song,
And in a Pſalm appear:
The ſpouſe ſhe did ſing of her love,
The ſame the ſpirit doth ſhew,
And it to the receiver will,
Be a hot Sun-ſhine glow,
Receivers they ſhall ſurely have
Great benefit and reſt,
And thou wilt ſtill declare to them,
What lyeth in thy breaſt,
Receiver come and take thy part,
Drink, and eate of loves meat;
O take in *Solomons* plenty, for
Its fitted and compleat,
Receiver come and take thy part,
King *Solomon* doth it ſend,
'Tis a meſs from his Table,
Give thanks to him and bend.
Receiver come and now give thanks
For meat you have had here,
Out of the hand of *Solomon*,
Who loveth you ſo dear,
O the Kings cheer is very ſweet,
O receive it, o come,
Theſe meſſes they are choice and rare
From peaceable *Solomon*,
Receiver tell me what ſay you,
Is not this meat moſt rare,
Methinks I hear ſome anſwer yes,
It is moſt delicious fair.
Haſt thou now had enough of it,
Will half a day thee feed,
Methinks I hear ſome anſwer no,
Nor enough for my need.
O come dear ſoul thou ſhalt have more,
Of this pure food ſo fine,
The King doth greatly thee commend,
That thou wilt ſtay his time.

And with his meat he also send's,
Flagons of wine to thee,
And saith sit down and drink my friends,
O drink abundantly.
O come then feed, o feed with me,
Let us admire him,
That doth so much refresh our souls,
With what he down doth bring;
Come its a joyfull day indeed,
The Lord God hath it made,
Let us be glad alwaies in him,
Was by the Psalmist said;
It is the day the great God made,
And the Apostles voyce,
Is for that which was said before,
By the blessed finger choice.
The Apostle also takes the words,
And confirms them throughout;
The finger speaks of Christ high day;
So doth the Apostles mouth.
O lovely Psalmist that indeed,
Did then so speak of him;
That was to come and dye, and rise,
For poor rebellious men.
A sweet finger thou art indeed,
Thou hast a delicate sound,
Thou sangest forth resurrection day,
Nothing did it confound,
And the Apostle remembers it,
And shews what in it lay.
What a rich treasure there is found,
In resurrection day.
It is a glorious Psalme indeed,
That of Christ did declare,
Of his dear Lord he often speaks,
Which was to him so fair.
And 'tis for him the spirit speaks;
O that poor hearts would hear,
And not have countenance so bent;
'Gainst what of spirit appears,
If they had been true to spirit;
They should have had no loss;
But might have been armed against,
Sina's dark legall dress.
If they had been true to the throne,
They might have learned much,
And so have been defended from,
There errors empty touch.
O great and glorious blessed God,
What high words for the Son,
I call to minde that hath dropped,
Forth from there nimble tongue.
It had been better o dear Lord
If words had been more few,
Than for to dye to such sayings,
Which should have actions new.
O that they may henceforth take heed,
Of what they say, and stand
Up more in actions, and practice;
For the Clusters of thy Land.
The Camp of *Israel* greatly speak,
Saith God I know it well;
But it is *Joshua* and *Caleb*
Will sing forth *Canaans* knell.
I know saith God that *Israels* Camp,
Hath not wanted for talk,
But o I know its *Joshua*,
And *Caleb* that shall walk.
I know saith God the Camp hath spoke;
Of matters they will do;
But of its *Joshua* and *Caleb*,
Shall eate the clusters new.
I know saith God the Camp hath spoke,
Like men of ready tongue;
But o its *Joshua* and *Caleb*
That will to *Canaan* run
I know saith God the Camp hath spoke
We will do what God will have;
But this I know that *Joshua*
And *Caleb* is more brave.
I know saith God the Camp hath said,
That they will valiant be;
But it is *Joshua* and *Caleb*
VVill goe along with me.
I know saith God the Camp hath been,
Very high in words of love;
But this I know that 'tis *Caleb*,
That mounteth up above.

v ſaith God the Camp hath ſaid,
; they will doe great things,
this I know its *Joſhua*,
its for the King of Kings.
Camp they do ſpeak much, ſaith God;
when I call for folk,
y make excuſes, and do ſay,
have another walk.
y did you ſpeak ſo much, ſaith God;
y were your words ſo high,
ew ſaith God it was much more,
n in your hearts did lie.
God he hath a watchfull eye,
l looks into the heart,
l he lets men alone a while;
then ſtrikes with his dart.
h God, poor ſoul, why didſt not look,
e to thy heart within,
ore thou didſt profeſs too much,
ere then a leſſer ſin.
refore ſaith God henceforth look well,
ore thy words come out;
I will take thee tripping elſe,
charge thy talking mouth.
d hath an eye ſo ſearching quick;
ore men he gets ground,
d by out-ſtretched hand takes them,
things are by him found,
ow temptations will be brought,
d by the prudent come,
d thou wilt ſoon adhere to them,
ough they offend the Son,
d though all men offended be,
e holy ſpirit here.
hether you preſent, or abſent be
ll make your ſins appear,
cometh with words that are plain;
t have a ſpiritual depth,
d let all fall before it, they
nnot it intercept.
do not take offence at love,
hich cometh you to melt,
d gain and win in your poor hearts,
were it by you felt.

O ſouls let love perſwade your hearts,
To ſpeak more little and low;
Till actions cometh forth with life,
Honour to God to ſhew.
O ſoul, let love perſwade thy tongue,
To ſpeak at lower rate,
That ſo thy actions may declare,
Thou art at wiſdomes Gate.
Where wiſdome powerfully ſpeaks,
In his choice ſpirits found,
To make it knovvn how that he can,
All other things confound.
O come and ſit at wiſdoms Gate;
For wiſdome will you teach,
It will ſhevv forth vvhat pleaſeth it,
The ſpirit doth it preach.
O come and eate of wiſdoms fare,
Its excellent I know,
And thou ſhalt then obſerve the King,
When he comes to give his blow.
O come and eate of wiſdoms fare,
Thou ſhalt then know his minde,
And when he blows the trumpet, then
Thou ſhalt the trumpet finde,
So as to ſound againſt the foe,
And do as he vvould have.
O therefore wait for vviſdoms voice,
And more of it ſtill crave.
Be willing for to wait dear ſouls,
Have you got eyes within;
Are you living Creatures indeed,
What ſay you for the King;
Do your ſouls think for to be ſafe,
Without that living ſtrength.
And if you have that you will finde,
All things ſoon layd at length:
Are you living Creatures indeed;
Then try what is from life,
Have you the ſtrength of the living,
Is it in you moſt rife;
Pray then vvhat is of life in you;
What in your ſecret walks,
And vvhat are you in family,
And vvhat is there your talk,

Are

Are you nimble for Christ of foot,
Are you usefull in your place,
If you are not you can't effect,
To see the Kings bright face;
Pray what are you that do so much
Long for apostates fall,
Have you the image of the Son,
Upon your faces all.
Pray what are you that would so faine
See the apostates down,
Or is your motion Eagle like;
For the most glorious Crown.
Thet's many heady brains indeed,
That have had motion swift;
But not like unto the Eagle,
That shall set souls adrift.
The Scripture doth so speak indeed,
Old scripture doth so say,
If you say otherwise you must,
Have new Scripture this day.
What have you souls from old Scripture,
Do you take the Eagles way,
In soaring high up unto him,
Is your hearts right this day;
For him that is the holy one,
The King of Kings is he,
And holy works he doth require,
From all that would him see.
O tell me what are you dear friends,
Are you of a living make;
Then you have eyes in, and vvithout,
That evill vvill forsake;
None else for Christ vvill undertake;
For those that he employs,
Must be sure to present the vvhole,
VVithout a rent or flavv.
O try, O try vvhat that you be,
And mind *Johns* vision vvell,
And say not its a shallovv speech,
VVhen it's the spirits knel,
O minde and understand the Psalm,
Slight not vvhat it doth say.
O let it enter in your hearts,
Its for resurrection day.

Christ greatly doth it souls embrac,
So doth the Father too,
He hath dealt largely to you here,
He loves free grace to shew;
But when that scorners do come here,
They count it a vaine sound,
And at the Clusters they do jear,
Which in Canaan abound;
But if scorners do come againe,
They shall have their part sure,
Which is that the Judge takes notice.
Of this there thought impure,
If that scorners do come againe,
They shall their part here finde;
How that the Lord God will appear,
Against the scorning minde.
Christ hateth every scorning thought,
And the dissembling look;
Therefore you scorners that so slight
The Clusters, shall not pluck,
Or eate of them that do so speak
'Gainst them, Christ knows your heart,
O let the scorner say no more,
He hath not had his part.
O bless the Lord, O bless the Lord,
My soul shall ever say,
That doth so pour out his love,
On resurrection day.
Halelujah, halelujah
I to the King will sing,
That hath brought forth such royall meat,
He is the King of Kings:
Haleluja, Haleluja;
For the Pomgrannet rare,
And for that lovely view of Christ,
With which none can compare.
Haleluja, Haleluja that
This night Christ talk'd with me,
And shewed himself so gloriously
In his choice mystery.
O in the night thou didst appear,
Thy countenance was bright,
Thou didst shew forth thy self, O Lord,
Most sweetly this last night.

aleluja, Haleluja will
till breath forth, and bring
onour and praiſe thereby unto
he high and mighty King.
aleluja, Haleluja for
his choice and bleſſed ſound;
hat here thou doſt bring forth a voice,
hy throne for to ſurround.
aleluja, Haleluja that
eſterday it was ſweet,
nd that in ſilence it took up,
nd led unto thy feet.
here that the Balm did ſweetly run
nd filled every part,
nd brought refreſhing unto me;
hrough many a piercing dart.
aleluja alſo is above;
rom whence love ſweetly comes,
nd ſounds forth praiſes unto him,
hat's the beloved one.
hough head be pained many a time,
ith the dark *Sinai* noyſe,
et it is carried through and gets,
nto mount *Sion* joy.
this day ſeven night I did hear?
hat greatly troubled me,
hat ſuch as do profeſs for Chriſt,
hould unto *Sinai* flee;
ut yeſterday, O the day paſt,
e did revivings give,
nd eaſed Head, and Lungs, and all,
nd made afreſh to live
rom dying, ſad, and weakning paine,
nd burning heat ſo great,
O what a living God art thou;
hat cometh from thy ſeat.
Haleluja for yeſterday was
A ſweet reviving day,
O I ſhall ſtill have more of it,
And in thy boſome lye.
O yeſterday thou healedſt me,
And in night comfort bring,
And ſaid art thou now well my Childe,
Yes thanks unto the King,
I anſwered, and thou didſt come,
Unto my ſoul betimes.
Theſe looks were like the Pomgrannet,
They were moſt choice and fine
In the morning thou calledſt me,
And ſaid O come and eate
Of this that is ſent to thee forth,
From the eternal ſeat.
In the morning thou calſt betimes,
Unto Companions dear.
O where are you; why come you not,
The meat is diſhed here.
O the ſweet ſpouſe did ſhew before,
A pattern to thy ſong,
And brought her Epiſtle to be,
A pattern unto *Iohn*.
Haleluja thou ſhalt have dear Chriſt,
That could not from thence goe;
But thou muſt leave a promiſe that,
The ſpirit ſhould overflow.
I muſt now go away ſaith Chriſt;
But I ſhall come againe,
And greatly will refreſh your hearts,
With reſurrection reign.
O here's great tenderneſs of love,
And here is bounty ſweet;
Which is appointed unto thoſe,
That are new Covenant ſheep:
O this it is a lovely day,
Do you it ſo eſteem,
Are you not for new Covenant,
Doth it not glorious ſeem,
The Elders they it dearly love,
Before the thrones their place,
And they do worſhip and fall down
Before the Kings rich grace.
All *Sinai* arguments ſhall then
Fall, and confounded be,
It is no errour and fancy,
But a true propheſy.
O you that will and do ſo plead;
For this obedience here,
*A*gainſt a riſen Chriſt indeed,
Heel come, and it caſhiere.

Halelujа, Halelujа to,
The King that ſhowers down,
And all thoſe goodly flowers blaſts,
That are from *Sinai* ground.
Halelujа, Halelujа is,
Amongſt the *Angels* dear,
Who do delight in Jeſus Chriſt,
And unto him are near,
The Angels are about his throne,
And for him they will ſpeak.
And ſo doth *Iohns* ſweet viſion,
Highly commend his ſeat.
O *Iohn*, o thou didſt ſee the Son,
And Fathers honour high,
And the *Angels* that do delight,
*Abou*t the throne to fly.
And thou didſt ſing *Halelujа's* note,
In the moſt glorious ſound,
And all this it is coming forth,
Babylon to confound.
O thou ſheweſt all croking frogs,
Should fall into the lake,
Though now they teſtifie againſt Chriſt,
Aud at his ſpirit gape.
Iohn thou hadſt lovely viſions ſweet,
Thou ſaweſt witneſs die.
And thou ſaweſt them revive againe,
And Babylonians fly.
And thou declaredſt of their fall,
That they ſhould ſurely dye.
Thou alſo ſaweſt the Kings raigne,
'Twas he opened thy eye.
O *Iohn* thou didſt ſee holy ones,
Round about the Kings throne.
That often had ſighed for Chriſt,
With many a longing grone.
O thou ſhewedſt the lovely Bowe,
About the ſeat ſo high.
Which no Babylonians can approach,
For it will make them fly.
O *Iohn* thou ſaweſt, and didſt write,
Through the ſpirit moſt choice,
And didſt cry *Halelujа*,
With a ſweet praying voice.

Thou excellent beloved one,
Thy viſions were moſt clear,
Thou enteredſt and hadſt a ſight,
And didſt the voices hear,
'Twas thou that ſhewedſt the eternal W[illegible]
Which from God forth did come,
And didſt witneſs unto the ſame
For him that is the Son,
And Iohn thou alſo doſt declare,
Unto the Godhead high.
That amongſt men did take a ſeat,
And for ſinners did die.
Thou ſheweſt the reſurrection,
And what 'gainſt foes ſhould be,
And ſpeakeſt of the voice of ſpeech,
And of that high glory.
Thou then was drawn ſo neer to it,
And enterance didſt make,
To view the bright rare ſhining ſon,
That did thee to him take,
Up in viſion in *Patmos* Iſle,
O there he did appear,
The ſame Lord Jeſus whom thou lovedſt,
In boſome to lye neer.
O glorious is the viſion Lord,
Of the latter dayes time,
And yet this generation,
Doth not the viſion minde.
Except it be through Rabbi's voice
Their wiſe, and prudent men;
But few of theſe did ſee the Sun,
He w'ant made known to them.
O how did *Iohn* weep untill that,
The Book was opened;
But then he ſoon was raiſed up,
And in him rejoyced,
That was found worthy to unſeal,
O he did take delight,
To ſee what latter flock ſhould have,
In his clear viſion light.
He ſaw the Candleſticks of Gold
So pure, ſo fair, and bright,
And view'd the Stars the which alſo
Were brought unto his ſight.

He loved for to behold the throne,
And one the Elders look,
And rejoyc'd at the opening,
Of the Lambs ſealed Book.
This loving *John*, this loving *John*
How ſtill he higher goes,
And alſo he the Goſple preach'd,
To ſinners and to foes;
But when he comes to ſee the throne,
O how joy did abound,
O then he ſung *Haleluja* to
The Lord for his high Crown.
When he into the City comes,
That was ſo paved with Gold,
O he rejoyced very much,
In that perfect rare mold.
When he into the City comes,
Where the freſh Rivers be,
He is refreſhed and doth pluck,
Fruit from the living tree,
When he into the City comes,
O there he doth behold,
The marvelous rich ſhine there is,
Brighter then any Gold.
When he into the City comes,
Where Chriſt is admired,
How glad is he to ſee the Lord,
His Saviour and his head.
O what a lovely way is this,
That the ſpirit him led,
To ſee and to behold the Lamb,
That for his ſins had bled,
O what a dilicate ſight had *John*,
When ſpirit did him call,
To ſee his Saviour ſo dear,
The City and the wall.
The walls and Bulworks he did ſee,
That be ſo very ſtrong,
O it was a choice ſight indeed,
None can this City wrong,
Alas poor ſouls you can't it ſee,
You can't tell what is here,
Except it be for that viſion,
That in *Patmas* appear'd,
You gaze and hear a while I know,
Some wonder for to ſee;
But O you cannot ſo take in
This pretious melody.
Alas you cannot ſee it ſo,
You don't this glory know.
O that you did ſee Jeſus Chriſt,
It would make your hearts to glow.
O he is ſweet and beautifull,
Here is holineſs through all,
O here's a royalty indeed;
VVhich will make enemies fall.
What good will ſinners have by this
That do againſt him come
But they ſhall all fall before Chriſt,
That is the onely Son.
Alas you do come here and ſee;
But can't tell what appears,
Except the Lord doth come to you,
And your dark judgements cleare.
O prithy ſinner ſtay awhile,
And holineſs embrace,
Be out of love with all your ſins,
Now the King offers grace.
O that all ſinners did once know;
What's to be found in him.
O it cleanſeth the ſoul from guilt,
And all the filth of ſin,
It would make them publiſh for Chriſt,
And declare his high work,
In publiſhing his great fame abroad,
And at the ſcorners pluck.
Who againſt Chriſt and ſpirit goe,
When thou call's to plead,
For him and for his reigning day,
'Gainſt thoſe that him bereave
Of whats his right, and do not teach,
In holy Goſpel way,
That all may hear and know of him,
And his bright lightſome day.
O come and preach forth vengeance, Lord,
Apoſtates grow ſo vile,
O come with vengeance, come dear Lord,
To Robbers that do ſpoyl.

O come with vengeance, come dear Lord,
That there blouds may drop out,
That do so rob and steal from thee,
Stop the apostates mouth.
O come, o Lord, come them and strike,
And all that they contrive,
O come thou and spoyl all of them,
That do thy throne dispise.
O come, o blessed God, o come,
Let not apostates live,
That have so reared up a Calf,
And to it honour give,
O come, o mighty God, o come,
King *David* come and march,
O when wilt thou, o King appear,
In thy triumphant march.
O *David* when wilt thou march out,
It will delight my heart;
When shall thy trumpet blow and sound,
When wilt thou shoot thy dart.
King *David* thine longs to see thee,
To see thee bend thy Bowe,
To see thee in thy glory come,
With vengeance to the foe.
King *David* thy sweet Psalms do say,
That didst delight to sing,
That the Kings foes should surely fall,
H'eel to destruction bring.
And split them that have stoln from him,
And doe devourings eate,
And all of them unthrone o King,
That are in English seat.
O come, o *David* and march out,
That rebels all may dye,
And may not live here on the earth,
That do thy Law despise.
O I will sing, o I will sing
Of *David*, of the King,
Who shall take hold of enemies,
And them to ruine bring;
But when wilt thou engage, o King
Against Robbers so high,
If this Generation had not so,
Lusted exceedingly.

They might have had Manna indeed,
And draughts of thy pure wine;
If they had not rejected thee,
New inventions to finde.
O Children they have not been,
Constant unto thy way;
But they have gone after their lusts,
In this back sliding day.
O that Children were humbled,
That they have own'd the rash,
That are so hardned in the way,
That against thy work doth clash.
O humble, humble thy poor ones,
That thou mayst lift them up,
And carry them to drink of that,
Which is salvations Cup.
O King *David*, King *David* march,
Thy march doth look so choice,
And it doth come most pleasantly,
In *Zions* lovely voyce.
There will be none of *Zinais* noyse,
That will be strucken down,
It doth not honour the great King
In's march, and in his Crown.
O *David*, *David*, what a time,
Hast thou in *England* now,
When so many Idols are up,
To which poor Children bow.
King *David* thou lovest Gospel-sound,
It pleaseth well thine Eare,
And where are they, O where dear King
That one may this sound hear.
King *David* where is Gospel pure,
Do not men fancy bring;
Poor *England* hath a mixture that,
Doth not well please the King.
O come and preach the Gospel so,
That Indians may have,
And hear the precious sound of thee;
Without any reserve.
O let thy Gospel, dear Christ be,
Unto grea sinners told,
And let thy free love be held forth,
To that rebellious mold.

et them know the Goſpels great grace,
That it their ſouls may move.
And that they may run after thee,
And with thee fall in love.
O let poor ſouls temptations die,
And let them ſee thy face,
And look more up with open eye,
Upon thy glorious grace.
O glorious King thy ſound indeed,
Vnto poor ones is choice,
O come then and declare thy ſelf,
In the new Covenant voice.
O that poor ſouls to it may come,
And hear of thy great day,
And ſo behold thy holineſs,
And have a rich array.
Let none be ignorant that have heard,
Thy ſpouſes ſong ſo choice.
Which hath been teaching matter too,
And a great inſtructing voice.
Let not any be ignorant,
When the ſpirit doth ſo ſing,
The love that the ſpouſe had to him,
Which is the onely King.
O let them know and love the Pſalme,
The ſong which is ſo choice,
Which doth ſet forth *Ieruſalem*,
In her latter days voyce.
O let them love the ſpouſes love,
The winters paſt and gone,
And the ſummer it doth appear,
For the ſweet time is come,
Of the Birds ſinging ſaith my Lord,
And it is a choice ſound:
Of praiſe, and glory unto him,
That doth refreſh our ground.
The raine is paſt, O it is gone,
All things begin to ſpring,
And this unto the latter age,
Muſt be ſung of their King.
How doth ſhe ſing of Jeſus Chriſt,
In his ſweet ſpringing there,
O how ſhall ſpirit ſing of him,
In latter ages rare.

My love, my dove, my undefil'd,
His purity indeed,
Saith ſhe of him, and he of her,
As Lilly in the field.
So is my love amongſt the reſt,
And my beloved ſaith ſhe,
Amongſt the ſons is faireſt and beſt,
Even as the apple tree.
And I am come to eate and drink.
Of this pure flagon wine.
And I ſaith he of Hony Comb,
Which is moſt ſweet and fine.
He calls the North winde to awake,
And eke the South to blow,
For to refreſh his Garden and,
To make his Spices flow.
O I am come to thee ſaith Chriſt,
And now he ſends his ſpirit,
And his beloved *Iſrael*,
Shall alſo know his merit.
O Chriſt will ſay awake, come forth,
Ariſe out of the grave.
Stand up, revive, be freſh and green,
As when in youth I gave,
My ſelf to thee, O this indeed,
Will be a bleſſed day,
And all ſhall flock forth unto it;
VVhen once he thus doth ſay.
For o this great and glorious thing,
VVill Heathens to thee bring,
The Blackamores will run alſo,
To own thee for their King.
VVhen thou thy beloved one ſhalt bring,
To ſit on thy high ſeat,
Others will come apace to thee,
It will thy flock compleat.
VVhen thou ſhalt bring her unto thee
Others will rejoyce therein,
That thou haſt ſhown thy ſelf to her,
And done ſo great a thing.
I love to ſing of her thy ſpouſe,
To whom thou wilt give ſuch wine.
I love to ſing of her great day,
And of her luſterous ſhine,

They'l

They'l say to some, o why did you,
Go to tables of stone,
To honour and set up a day,
'Gainst the beloved one:
O then shee'l say why did you so
Much for old Covenant plead,
When that the Gospel you did own,
Should you not *Sinai* leave.
O she will love the spirits Law,
And for it she will goe;
And they that run away from it,
Shall surely have a blow.
O shee will not then start aside,
Shee'l not arguments bring,
To strike at the new Covenant,
That concerneth her King.
O what a glorious time is that
That brings the Jubily year,
O how can they do any thing,
*A*gainst this to appear.
O my heart, and head pained is,
To think what will become,
Of them that after so much love,
Do goe against the Son.
O it doth paine and wound my heart,
In fellowship to hear.
That against the new Covenant,
Poor Children should appear.
O blessed King, O blessed King,
O who lays it to heart.
So as to wrastle much with thee,
To arise and take his part.
That is risen up, and lifted high,
O come and break all down.
That is against new Covenant,
And resurrection Crown.
Thou bringest here a spirit Lord,
Which for poor Children crave,
Yet they do not regard the song;
But when I am layd in grave,
Some shall then witness for this mouth,
And say a song indeed,
'Twas that here to us was brought down,
Souls to cheer up and feed.

Come poor souls hear the lovely sound,
It will give your hearts ease,
Think not that poor one here doth speak,
Be not at it displeas'd.
Though the vessell be very meane,
Wherein this Counsell be,
Yet O come and partake of it,
And do not from it flye.
O it is not of Creatures make,
O had you but a taste,
You would not run away from it;
But unto it would haste,
O it is not a mixed food,
It gives counsell to all,
It doth not lead from Scripture rule;
But doth poor sinners call.
O the King liketh well of it,
And you that are his sheep;
Do not bring weapons 'gainst it, but
Indeavour him to meet.
And O dear souls, O you that do,
So drink in this choice wine,
O have a care that nothing may,
Intice you with words fine.
And come you poor complaining souls,
That walks so neer to ground,
O come you and embrace this love,
O hear the joyfull sound.
O what am I, O what am I,
But a poor silly one,
A bruised reed thou mak'st abide,
That cannot stand alone;
But o my strength is from above,
It doth come forth from thee;
Which makes me so it flam'd with love,
And so in singing be.
It is a glorious speech indeed,
And a most mighty voice,
O that poor souls knew more of it,
It is glorious and choice.
Lord thou giv'st much, and here dost come
Thanks be given to thee.
O take it, I it here present,
Its thine, its not from me,

And thou sayst so I will dear Child,
Then Father, I am content,
To suffer for thy sake awhile,
And for thee to be spent.
O Lord thou dost oft take me up,
From every Creature here,
And I shall have a time with thee,
That are to me so dear:
O Lord I love to talk with thee,
And when up and down I go,
My soul is grieved very much,
And thou dost know it is so.
And therefore saith Ile take thee up,
And thou shalt be with me,
And drink of my Salvation Cup,
I am glad to be with thee,
And well content to be taken,
From all beloved's here,
That so I may walk with my God,
And see him shine more clear.
Eternall word thou hast spoken,
I do take heed to thee,
For thou art the sure word indeed,
And the true Prophecie.
No Errour could me lop, o Lord,
From the high glorious tree,
O I will boast of Iesus Christ,
In this sweet harmony.
Nothing could ever draw me from,
Owning a scripture Christ,
And I shall still be kept to him,
And to's word all my life.
I long, I long, to sing over,
Hell death, and also grave,
Yet I am content here to abide,
With testimony brave,
I long to be cloathed upon,
And to awake and sing,
And yet I am content to be,
A witness for the King.
O blesse'd be God for that life,
Makes me not value any;
Because thou art unto my soul,
Above beloved's many,
I love them all so that I would,
Not have them their posts bring,
To jusle against his that is,
The blessed glorious King.
O blessed daies, o blessed nights,
O let fresh praises spring,
For what the spirit doth bring forth,
Let the Creation sing.
O let the Cattle praise the Lord,
Upon a thousand Hills,
O that the Birds also with praise,
The earth throughout may fill.
And o let every thing also,
That creepeth on the ground,
Which was not brought forth by sins slime,
To him high praises sound.
But o let sinners know that do
Still in Rebellion walk,
It will be sad for them that have,
So much oppos'd and talk'd
Against the spirit in that day,
Wherein it call'd from sin,
Such shall meet with reproof from Christ,
And have a check from him.
Let none reject the living voice,
But let it take effect,
And carry out poor souls to thee,
That will not them reject.
O spirit doth come forth to them,
With tidings of great joy,
O let it take the heart for thee,
And nothing shall annoy.
O then the lips shall gratious bee,
And the King will them own,
Else he cannot love and regard,
Nor shew his glorious throne.
O that they may come unto thee,
And here the Gospel sound,
Which Satan cannot come to reach,
For grace doth there abound.
O what a royall day is this,
A blessed time most sweet,
O could you relish it poor soules,
You would great comfort meet.

But

But O Companions I do know,
You prize it very much,
And you do deeply drink of it,
For you have had a touch.
Companions I am glad for you,
I know you have been fed,
And you have talked with the Son,
In what the ſpirit hath ſaid.
Companions I do know you love,
And like pomgrannet cheer,
I know you alſo underſtand,
When emblems do compare.
I know you have received in,
The pleaſure of this day,
Therefore ſpirit teacheth to praiſe;
For Companions alwayes.
O ſurely you are here this day,
Now fitted for much more,
That ſhall come forth from Jeſus Chriſt,
From his rich pretious ſtore.
O will you wait here many daies?
Will you from pleaſures faſt?
Me thinkes I here companions ſay,
Yea while the viſion laſts.
O you Companions witneſs ſhall,
Unto theſe things ſo choice,
And ſhall plead for the ſong alway,
Through the ſpirits voice.
O praiſe the Lord for Companions,
Through whom witneſs doth come,
For matters that have here been brought,
Through the Eternall Sonne.
Haleluja, Haleluja Lord,
For companions I will ſing,
And praiſes ſhall be given here,
Becauſe they have not been
Carried about, nor yet intic'd,
From thee by any means,
And they ſhall he e meet with reproof,
If on Creatures they leane.
Haleluja Haleluja for,
Companions that do come,
And are not wedded to any thing,
But to King *Solomon*.

Haleluja, Haleluja that
Thou here witneſſes have,
That will ſtill follow Jeſus Chriſt,
To death unto the grave,
Haleluja, Haleluja Lord,
O I of thee will ſing,
That thou haſt comforted us here,
Thou art the Nations King.
O Nations King, O Nations King,
Companions are for thee,
O they do witneſs to thy ſong,
And to thy melody.
Haleluja, Haleluja ſhall
The Angels ſing to thee,
Becauſe they do behold thy face,
And in thy preſence be.
O Angels they do love the King,
And delight in his ſpirit,
And praiſe thee for Companions true,
That ſhall ſuch joys inherit.
Haleluja, Haleluja ſtill,
Angels ſhall ſing above;
For they are pleaſed with poor fleſh,
And do Companions love.
Haleluja, Haleluja for,
Thoſe that witneſs to thee,
Lord Jeſus that did come in fleſh,
Ther's few that faithfull be.
O when that Chriſt did come in fleſh,
He had witneſſes few,
It was a hidden myſtery,
Of which moſt nothing knew.
Haleluja, Haleluja that,
Thou bringeſt in ſuch who,
Deſire holily to walk,
With Converſation new,
Haleluja, Haleluja
Let *Gath*, and *Aſkelon*,
Know that the ſpirit is come here,
And *Haleluja* ſong.
Let ſinners and Saints alſo know,
And yet not angry be,
That Chriſt hath juſtified thoſe,
That love his harmony.

aleluja, Haleluja that,
loveds can't obtaine;
it they will rather die then leave,
his sweet and lovely gaine.
aleluja, Haleluja that,
ner's none can have their will,
o take away their witnes's for
he glorious Hermon hill.
aleluja, Haleluja to
hee for thy blessed grace,
nd for thy powerfull workings here,
Which nothing can deface.
aleluja sweetly doth come down,
or Companions so dear,
hough a poor little Company,
them the whole appears.
hat sweet and glorious Company,
Which *John* so white did see,
nging of *Haleluja's* praise,
bout the throne with thee,
they shew forth the thousands Lord,
hat shall have glory bright,
hat have sighed and gron'd for thee,
nd for *David* shall fight.
Companions be therefore such,
ike to the Elders white,
o that the King may come to you
o converse, and delight.
companions be like to those,
a conversation choice,
nd look to Christ with fixed eye,
nd hearken to his voice.
Haleluja, Haleluja that
ou shall for ever sing,
nd be beholding of the throne,
Whence such enjoyments spring.
O then do you Companions praise,
And long for this sweet time,
O breath after Christ coming souls,
t is high, and sublime.
O it will sweetly ravish you,
O do you call for this,
Into the glorious blessed King,
t is perfections bliss.

O you shall sit with him on thrones,
And see the lamps of Gold,
And the world as brittle glass,
When you these things behold,
O what a day, what day is this,
O it inflames my heart,
And doth it not the same with you,
It takes hold of each part.
Haleluja, Haleluja Lord
For what thou doft now show,
Unto the latter age and flock,
And much more they shall shall know.
O they shall have indeed much love,
And mighty strength for thee,
O they shall shine most fair and bright,
In holiness to thee.
O what a time shall that be Lord,
When all shall fall flat down,
In honour of thy glorious day,
And thy eternall Crown.
O blessed time, O blessed time,
That Christ will surely bring,
And they that have intelligence,
They cannot choose but sing,
O it's a joyfull time indeed,
Flowing with milk and wine,
This is the day of *Solomon*,
Who's luster is divine,
Haleluja, Haleluja that
Thy time cometh so swift,
O it is hastening apace,
And unto glory lifts.
Haleluja, Haleluja that,
Ezekiel shall rejoyce,
And thy *John* shall triumph also,
In thy reviving voice.
Haleluja, Haleluja that
Ezekiel then shall fly,
That saw the wings about the throne,
With pleasant Harmony:
Ezekiel that was troubled here,
And so much sorrow knew,
Shall then rejoyce and sing with *John*,
And with the Elders to.

O

O then *Ezekiel*, and thy *John*
Shall not any more weep,
Nor rebellious ones ſo trouble them,
When thus with thee they keep.
Haleluja, *Haleluja* for
This glory unto them,
That ſhall appear ſo bright and fair,
Amongſt thy noble men.
This joy is come down here in Pſalme,
Praiſes to thee to ſay,
And *Haleluja* for that,
In this delightfull day.
Haleluja, *Haleluja* that,
When I ſhall lye in grave,
This generation will ſay,
A ſign, a ſign we have
Had, for it was a ſign indeed,
And it did often bring,
Tydings unto poor ſinners of,
The glorious bright King.
O that poor ſouls did know the joy,
That I have from above,
O it would raiſe them very much,
They would the viſion love.
O bleſſed be the glorious Lord,
O thou doſt ſweetly ſhine,
Both day and night thou doſt come forth,
With thy refreſhing wine.
O thou haſt called me o Lord,
To ſpeak of thy high time,
And told'ſt me that I muſt declare,
And mad'ſt my heart incline,
Thou bid'ſt me ſing forth of the ſpouſe,
I ſaid how ſhall I ſing,
The prayſes of *Haleluja*,
Thou ſaidſt that it ſhould ſpring,
And ſo it hath, O bleſſed Chriſt,
O my beloved one,
In a moſt fooliſh empty Childe,
For it is from thee alone,
What haſt thou done for *England* here,
And yet they fly away,
O ſpirit ſhall juſtify thee,
And thy triumphing day.

O come, o come beloved choice,
To every poor heart,
That they may love to follow thee,
When thou doſt ſhoot thy dart.
O come, O Lord bring ſpirit down,
Let us the Mantle have,
For thou when thou aſcendedſt high,
A double portion gave.
O how I long to ſee thine ſhine,
And in holineſs walk,
And to be holineſs throughout,
In actions, and in talk.
O come, o love, o come thou forth,
Pray do not longer ſtay,
For the inſulting world doth goe,
Againſt thy glorious day.
O come, o love, o come thou forth,
The Saints do for thee call,
And the Elders deſire alſo,
To ſee thee all in all.
O come, o love, o come for all,
The world will be aſham'd,
Of what they have done againſt thee,
When thou appear'ſt in flame.
O come, o love, o come, o love,
O let thy Bride appear,
And then ſhall *Haleluja* goe,
In thy ſhinings ſo clear.
O come, o love, o come forth love,
O thine muſt call thee down,
That thou mayſt beautify them more,
For thy rich and high Crown.
O come love and break forth apace,
Overcome each ſtout one,
That they may be conquer'd at length,
And come to thee alone.
O come, o love, o come, o love,
The Box is opened,
Wherein the pretious oyntment new,
And its poured one thy head.
And now o love break thou the Box,
And thy ſweet oyntment will,
Refreſh and melt the very heart,
And it with ſinging fill.

ve, o love, thou ſhalt Conquer
ſtouteſt ſteeled ſpirit,
hy ſweet loving invitings,
ich declareth Chriſts merit.
O revive poor Children,
me and raiſe them up,
le that have taſted much of thee,
drunken in thy Cup.
t thou before I go to grave,
eſh them much within,
alſo let me ſee poor ones,
e melted for ſinne.
ou haſt given me thy ſelf,
t is not to beſtow;
let me have thy ſpirit for
r loſt rebellious folk.
ou haſt given me thy ſonne,
ſeal'd unto my ſoul,
unto the poor ignorant,
t thou thy ſelf unfold.
is the thing my God indeed,
t would rejoyce my heart,
I am dead to all creatures,
ay ſay Lord in part,
am taken from their ſight,
e to their glory;
it will much rejoyce my heart,
ee ſoule beautified.
o ſee them about the throne,
ll be great joy to me,
d I love that their branches ſhould,
o grow up to thee.
t them about thy table Lord,
d let them ſpring and grow,
hat both male and female too,
ght of thy goodneſs know.
at they may underſtand thy grace,
d be ſo taken up,
at they may be aſhamed Lord,
drink in other Cup.
en in ſalvation cup O ſhall
th young and old this day,
e unto all corruption,
d unto ſinfull waies.

O then my ſoul thou ſhalt him praiſe,
And great rejoycings bring,
For O my ſoul thou art in love,
With the high mighty King.
And O my ſoul praiſe thou the Lord,
Father ſhall it do ſo,
Methinks I hear thy anſwer ſweet,
And after thee Ile go.
Ile ſweetly roul my ſelf in thee,
And hear the joyfull ſound,
Which from above is ſent to me,
And more ſhall here abound.
For of *Jeruſalem* o Lord,
I ſhall both ſpeak and ſing,
Of that beloved antient one,
Which ſhall revive and ſpring.
And I ſhall ſing grace unto them,
That have revived much,
O ſhew thy mercy unto them,
And give their hearts a touch.
O come to every poor ſoul now,
Thy ſtrength and wiſdome bring,
'Gainſt there objection for to fight,
And make them praiſe and ſing
The ſtone of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks,
It ſmiteth to the ground,
And it's the ſtone which *Daniel* tells,
Shall ſtrike all powers down.
And it ſhall ſplit Apoſtates too,
It is a royall ſtone,
It undermines what ever doth,
Oppoſe the glorious one.
Lord Jeſus thou haſt appointed,
With thee is the ſet time,
And yet poor ſilly Children,
To others do incline.
To Rabbi's and to learned men,
And do not wait on thee;
But by another Goſpel they,
Strangely deluded be.
And they do not conſider how,
That the ſpirit did flow,
When as a ruſhing wind it came,
According to thy word,

And that the self same spirit doth,
In after time and day,
To *John* and others to come forth,
So that what *Joel* said,
Must not by any be confin'd,
Unto the cloven tongue,
Therefore poor souls take heed of this,
Do not the spirit wrong.
Whose wisdome and power is seen,
He is not tied to time,
But doth bring forth a glorious Psalm,
A song that is divine.
O what a day have waiting ones,
O what variety,
Hath here come down from Jesus Christ
For to open the eye.
O what a day have waiting ones,
What doth the spirit bring.
For to draw up your hearts aloft,
Unto the King of Kings.
Will you go home and bring your hearts,
To morrow here again,
Will you beg that what you have heard,
May in your hearts remain.
O tell me now you waiting ones,
Is not your heart through warm,
With the fuel that's from spirit,
Then nothing can you harm.
O latter commers do not think,
O we can have the same,
What can you in one hour or two,
Of this choice wisdome gain.
O waiters o do you receive,
A blessing from the Lord,
O now do you go home and pray,
He'l to your voice accord.
And pray for your companion,
That's still to be imploid,
In the discovery of God,
That she may have much joy.
That she may still have strength maintained,
From the fresh living spring,
And be inabled much more,
Of his great love to sing.

Jerusalem, o I love to see,
Thee in thy sweet smiling face,
I love for to behold thy Crown,
In this bright Vision place.
Jerusalem though thy walls be,
So broken and so down,
The Lord Christ he will come to thee,
And give thee a high Crown.
Jerusalem, though thou bee's now
So scattered abroad,
Thou shalt be raised up, and thou
Shalt call upon thy God.
Upon thy God thou shalt then call,
Through the Sonns voice and power,
And thou shalt see thy great increase,
In that most joyfull hour.
Jerusalem, though thou art so,
Spoyled in every place,
Thou shalt have a return where thou,
Shalt see Eternall grace.
Ierusalem though thou art gone,
Into remote parts far,
Thou Shalt be brought unto that place,
That is exceeding rare.
Ierusalem, though thou art now,
So hissed at by all,
O thou shalt come, and triumph here,
And rise from thy great fall.
Ierusalem, though now they talk
'Gainst thee, and thee despise,
O thou shalt come, and all thy folk,
Unto high glory rise.
Ierusalem, though thou art now,
So frown'd upon by all,
O thou shalt come, and they shall then,
Smile about thy high wall.
Ierusalem, though thou art now,
So scattered in thy bones,
O thou shalt come unto thy Christ,
And set one glories throne.
Ierusalem, o thou shalt bee,
The Elders bright indeed,
That shall admire there Kings raign,
And on thee he will feed,

or he will not disdaine to feed,
On what thou dost him bring,
'Tis of his own, of his own seed,
And you'l together sing.
Ierusalem thou shalt him praise,
And thy dry bones shall sing,
In this thy resurrection,
And shout forth to the King.
Ierusalem thou shalt then be,
Thou shalt with open face,
Be still beholding of thy head,
In his clear Gospel-grace.
Ierusalem, O thy looks will,
So please thy Saviour, he
Will rejoyce, and delight in this,
Thy pleasant harmony.
Ierusalem, thou shalt come forth,
With a chast nimble foot,
And O thou shalt admire him,
That brings the joyfull note.
Ierusalem, O thy love then,
Shall wax so strong and high,
Thy strength, thy wals, they shall ascend,
And make thy enemies fly.
Ierusalem, O thy lovely face,
Thy resurrection cheeks,
It doth delight to behold,
In this retirement sweet.
To see thy steady stedfast eye,
That doth delight in Christ,
To see thy heart and love to him,
That for thy sins did dye.
O it is choice unto Gentiles,
Unto Barbarians rare,
I love to see *Ierusalem*,
And her delicious fair.
Ierusalem I love to see,
To see thy North-winde blow,
And eke thy South refreshing sweet,
Which makes the spices flow.
Christ Nostrels delighted be,
Thou shalt be raised high,
His love and pleasure is in thee,
And thy enemies shall fly.

Ierusalem O thou art she,
That art the wedded wife,
And thou shalt sit down with him that,
To thee will bring sharp knife,
To cut off all thy forskins then,
And circumcise thy heart,
For thou shalt then most willing be,
And he will take thy part.
O thou shalt then declare high things,
And others shall them know,
And be refreshed with those things,
That from thy heart doth flow:
Ierusalem, O thou art she,
That Christ doth love so dear,
Thou art the first beloved one,
Thou unto him art neer,
To thee thy Christ will tell his minde,
And thou shalt do the same,
He unto thee, and thou to him,
Each other shall inflame.
Ierusalem, O thy bright look,
Greatly doth ravish me,
Thy River, and delightfull brook,
And thy sweet harmony.
Ierusalem, O thy looks are,
Not rowling up and down;
But thou dost keep a steady eye,
Upon thy Saviours Crown.
Ierusalem, O thou art she,
That will admire Christs name,
And thou wilt trumpet and rejoyce,
In the beloved's raigne.
O dear *Ierusalem* thou wilt,
Make Gentiles glad in thee,
When that thou comest and own'st a Christ,
And unto him doth flee.
What great increase shall he enjoy,
When Jews and Gentiles seek
Unto him from the Ilands round,
And all his Children meet.
Ierusalem, O thou wilt not,
Then for mount *Sina* speak,
Thou wilt not at all *Hagar* love,
When on the Elders seat.

When

When thus thou doſt behold his face,
He then will make thee great,
He will exalt thee to high place,
And give thee elders ſeat.
Ieruſalem, Ieruſalem,
O thou doſt take my part,
Although this generation,
Againſt mee ſhout there darts.
Yet I am raiſed up and fed,
I ſee my Saviours eye,
And the Pomgrannet juice ſo red,
I do in him eſpy.
Ieruſalem, o thou art dear,
My heart is took with thee,
Pſalm is down brought in note ſo dear,
To ſing thy harmony.
O dear *Ieruſalem,* thou ſhalt
Appear as *Joſephs* bow,
His goodly branches then thou ſhalt,
Of all Chriſts truths allow.
Thou ſhalt not look for him in grave,
Nor any ſuch thing ſay,
But thou ſhalt to new covenant run,
And reſurrection day.
Jeruſalem now thy theam is,
Come ſweetly to my heart,
And I rejoyce to ſing of thee,
It will not from me part.
Jeruſalem, o thou art ſhe,
That all the world ſhall know,
To be the firſt belov'd of Chriſt,
And to thee all ſhall flow.
Ieruſalem, thou art beloved,
For thou art the Kings wife,
And thou art ſhe that will admire,
Him in ſweet ſinging plight.
Ieruſalem, O at thy call,
The gentiles forth will come,
And at thy high loud praiſing voice,
The blackamors will run.
Ieruſalem, O thou ſhalt call,
The Hetheniſh Indians round,
Of thoſe poor black ones unto thee,
Upon thy holy ground.
Jeruſalem thou wilt invite,
Such poor loſt ones abroad,
That they may come unto the ſight,
Of thy beloved Lord.
Jeruſalem, o thou ſhalt take,
A great command on thee,
Dogs ſhall not bark, and for thy ſake,
All things ſhall ſilent bee.
O then the Dragons ſhall not rore,
Thy ſweet eares to offend,
The wolfs ſhall not make prey of thee,
But to thee all ſhall bend,
Ieruſalem, o then there ſhall
No cockatrice eggs come out,
To bring forth ſerpents to deſtroy,
Or interrupt thy mouth.
Ieruſalem no ſpider ſhall,
Their webs ſpin upon thee,
For thou ſhalt have the royall robe,
O the high Kings glory.
Ieruſalem, o there ſhall none,
Come any way at all,
To trouble or to moleſt thee,
When Chriſt for thee doth call.
O thou ſhalt walk in galleries,
In a proſpect compleat,
And thou ſhalt ſing and much rejoyce,
Upon a royall ſeat.
Ieruſalem, thou ſhalt up ſtand,
In ſtature high and tall,
O what a company will bee,
Within ſalvations wall.
Ieruſalem thou ſhalt be freed,
From all dangers great,
Becauſe the King hath given thee,
A glorious fixed ſeat.
O what enamourings, o what love,
Between thee and thy Lord,
Thou ſhalt have pretious food from him,
And manna from above.
Thou ſhalt have hidden manna then,
Not meaſured in ſight,
But it ſhall ever iſſue forth,
Even from the tree of life.

ng from thy beloved one,
hath set thee so high,
ou that art the glorious One,
inks I thee espie:
thou with Christ, and Christ with thee,
most glorious sight.
't more come downe to me,
ny Souls delights,
Sa'em, *Ierusalem*,
e thy walls to see,
sparkled like to Diamonds,
as the Jasper be.
alem, O how doth she
e forth in a fine shine,
beautifull doth shee appear,
looks they are divine:
comes not forth with a vaile, for
needs not be asham'd,
that her husband doth appear,
ch once for her wa slayne:
inks I do behold them great
eir solemne sweet choice,
hat a shout will there be then
h from *Ierusalems* voyce,
shout of a King, the shout of him
shall enjoy alwaies:
these shoutings shall be brought forth
honour her great day,
must needs have the Kings shout there,
ll be there I know:
is pleasant unto you,
after it doth goe.
e hope of *Israel*, *Israels* hope,
Israel thee know,
gav'st them a name in *Iacob*,
did such valour show.
raels hope for whom *Ieremiah*,
Prophets all did so mourne,
me raise her out of the dust,
is thy true first-borne:
Israels hope that gave to them
acob that prevailing name,
en wrastling with him thou didst say,
t *Israel* should raigne.

Of *Israels* hope that told *Iacob*
Of such a Crowne for ever,
When he prevailed so with God,
Israels everlasting Father;
And hope that comforted *Iacob*,
And gave him such a name:
Let them come to that blessed Throne,
Where is eternal gaine.
O *Israels* hope that loved *Iacob*,
And therefore did let him know,
That thy *Iudah* shall bear the name,
And prevailing for thee goe:
O *Israels* hope in whom *Iacob*
Had great familiarity,
Great boldness and very much strength,
He would not from thee fly;
O *Israels* hope that *Iacob* did
So closely cleave to there,
That he said I'l not let thee goe,
Till thy arme is made bare:
The which by *Iacob* then was seen,
And to him did appear
To be for him a Conque our,
Bringing forth victory there:
O *Israels* hope in whom *Iacob*,
Had such great confidence,
That he said till thou blessest me,
I'l not let thee goe from hence.
Art thou so bold? *Iacob* thy God
Liked it exceeding well,
And where there are such sweet replies,
Blessings abound and dwell:
Dost thou say that thou wilt not leave,
Saith God, till blessings fall?
Art thou of such a publick spirit?
I will thee *Israel* call,
Seeing *Iacob* thou hast such strength,
And eagerness for me,
Thou shalt become a Conquerour,
And a great Triumph see:
Thou shalt enjoy a publick name,
That art of such a spirit,
Thou shalt be called *Israel*,
And this honour inherit.

O the hope of *Israels*, a holy hope,
And remains to this day,
Thy *Ieremiah* groan'd and cry'd,
To thee for her alway.
O the hope of *Israel*, *Israels* hope,
Therefore she cannot dye,
Thou art so sure an anchor that,
Flouds cannot make her fly.
O the hope of *Israel* is sure,
Thou wilt not alwaies stay,
Thou wilt bring her out of the dust,
And *Iudah* shall obey.
O come *Iacobs* deliverer,
O come thou glorious rest,
O come thou *Iacobs* friend, o come
For *Sion* is oppreſt.
Come *Israels* hope it was for thee,
That *Ieremiah* did groane,
And that *Ezekiel* d sired to see,
Upon thy glorious throne.
O *Israels* hope, *Daniel* long'd for this,
And desired to know the time,
He long'd those blessings for to see,
And to taste of *Jerusalems* wine.
O the hope of *Israel* these did
Sweetly preach forth thy grace,
That so Rebels might leave their sins
And run a blessed race.
O the hope of *Israel* he was,
Most choice in *Amos* eye,
He could not indure *Ieroboam*,
Nor his calf should up rise,
He did love to preach those commands,
Was against Idolatry,
He did not fear any there,
That did against him rise.
He was willing to lye at thy feet,
His humility was great,
He was bold against wicked Princes,
And thy commands did teach.
O the hope of *Israel* it was for thee,
Iona was cast in sea,
And swome in the whales belly, to
Shew forth thy victorie.

For by this it was declar'd and shew'd,
How that thou shouldest come
Forth through the belly of the earth,
To shew resurrection.
O the hope of *Israel* for whom,
Ioel did so love to shew,
That spirit should bee poured out,
And give your foes a blow.
Thou wilt appear for temple-work,
Temple-work of latter time,
And the prophet *Haggai* rises up,
With an incouraging wind.
For to call to the governour of *Iudah*,
To speak for temple work there,
And to *Ioshua* with the remnant
To fall to that work rare.
And for this temple *Habakkuk*,
Doth speak from vision true;
But there were some that also said,
These are delusions new.
And were ready to say that this,
Should not accomplished be,
But *Habakkuk* rises and declares,
That which is for *Iudah*.
The prophets sweetly do declare,
The latter singing state,
And saith God will rejoyce with singing,
Over *Israel* at high rate.
And they shall see evill no more,
Shall not miscarry or fear;
But sweetly rejoyce in the Lord,
And his glorious works declare.
Zephaniah did prophecy,
What *Israel* should enjoy,
When that no evill should approach,
But everlasting joy.
Zephaniah lov'd to prophecy,
The singings that should come,
And the joy that should be at the
Returnes of *Sion*.
And *Zechariah* he for *Israel*
Did very much appear,
And shews what should be in that day,
When *Israel* drew neer.

hets did love to cry up Christ,
admiration high,
ld, behold the King cometh,
ooks shines with glory.
of them in *Israel* did,
ery much delight,
did tell of the glory of that,
ld shine so clear and bright;
y did she w forth the blessed time,
excellent it should be;
en *Israel* is gathered in,
Gospel for to see.
achi points not unto *Moses*,
into *Horebs* state;
to lessen Christs dignity,
set it at low rate,
loth not speak for *Moses*, or
lare for *Horeb* so,
o allow of observation,
give thy truths a blow,
s a Prophet very high,
s that mighty one,
t wonderfully doth declare,
blessed glorious Son.
s that great Prophet that doth,
lare at such high rate,
t which should make voyd *Moses* seat,
l surpass *Horebs* state,
l they abuse him that doe so
ntain another thing,
inst the resurrection;
ence satisfaction springs.
he hope of *Israel* whom shall,
troublesome times appear,
he hour of temptation,
ping away poor ones tears.
he hope of *Israel* hasten,
e time of thy spouses shine,
at so she may sit down and drink,
thy spirits pure wine.
e which this generation knows not;
t doe evilly entreate,
call *Zion* and she will say,
it is very sweet.

O the hope of *Israel* doe thou,
Bring thy beloved dear,
In thy own household, for with her,
There is none that can compare.
O *Israels* hope, if that Prophets,
In that time, for them cry'd,
Sure it is neerer, and for them,
A voice must here up rise.
O let thy *Israel* behold,
And see Pomgrannets choice;
About thy Temples to appear,
And let them hear thy voice,
That wilt inflame their hearts with love,
And with affection dear.
O come, come *Israels* hope, O come
Give them the Jubily year,
O bring in *Israel* to thee;
Let them behold thy Crown,
And they will talk of thy wonders great,
And of thy high renown.
O thy beloved *Iohn* was grieved,
To see *Judah* broken down,
To behold the wasting of that City,
It made his soul to mourne.
O he mourned to see its spoyl,
It made thy *Iohn* to weep,
Till that he did see the Temple,
And did espy thy seat.
O he rejoyc'd to see the Temple,
So to be raised up,
In such a glorious manner, and,
Seven trumpets did break forth.
O praised be the Lord our God,
That hath sent forth a Psalm,
To speak of *Israels* blessed hope,
And of his glorious arme.
And praises be given to him,
That is *Judahs* great King,
Unto him that is *Israels* God,
And will cause there rising.
Then shall there be no mixtures, nor
No *Moses* in that day;
But Jesus Christ shall worship'd be,
In his own manner and way.

The

The 13th. Day of the eighth Moneth.

1657.

Here begins a Dialogue between the Father and the Son

I Am willing saith Jesus Christ,
To come in such a forme,
And I doe not grudge to be made,
A servant here to warne,
To warne sinners up thereby,
And to draw them to thee;
O saith the Son, I love this work,
It is felicity.
But Son saith God, thou also must
Be pinched on the Cheek,
And thou must have thy hair pluckt off,
O this must be thy seat.
A seat of sorrows Son thou must
Have and rebukes below;
Well Father saith Christ, I am content,
And doe not fear to goe;
But Son unto the slaughter thou,
Must be brought as a sheep,
And be a gazing stock to all,
And with derision meet;
Be it so saith the Son, seeing God,
Will have me so to doe;
I am content to be so us'd,
That sinners may be new;
But Son thou must doe more than this?
What sayst thou unto that,
Canst thou bear the great heavy stroke,
Which will lay thy heart flat,
I that I can, saith the dear Son,
I will bear what thou wilt,
That so I may goe cleanse, and purge,
Poor sinners from their filth;
Thou must satisfie all, O Son,
And every thing fulfill,
And give what ere I doe require?
What sayst thou is it thy will.
The Law will have its full due sum;
That sinners should have brought,
O be it so, saith Jesus Christ,
I will drink up this draught.
The Law, and death, and sin at once,
Will come upon thy back,
O saith the Son this can't me skare,
Nor in doing me slack,
And the Father doth likewise say,
This will cause a going,
Of the sharp spear into thy flesh,
Pierced by cruel men,
And then the bloud and water will,
Gush out from thy sweet side.
O though it doth saith Christ, I will
In my Father confide;
But Son thou must be left alone,
Disciples will fall asleep,
Thouh they doe yet, I will look up,
Unto my Fathers seat.
But Son the hand that dipt with thee,
In that sweet dish of meat
Will take mony to sell thee, and
Will thee betray and cheat;
Be it so saith the Son, yet I
Will not start from thy will;
But cheerfully goe one, and not
In any tittle fail;

ut ſon to adde unto all this,
hey'l ſell thee to the foe,
nd thy company and number
hall have a broken toe.
e it ſo ſaith Chriſt yet I ſhall ſoon,
ake up the number again,
ſhall be compleat in number,
n my throne, and my Reign.
nd ſtill the ſon ſaith Father I,
ill cheerfully on go;
or to accompliſh redemption,
mongſt rebellious folk.
ut then *Pilot* will thee condemn,
e'l condemn thee to death,
his ſaith the ſon don't ſadden me,
or it will bring much health.
at there valiant *Peter* will fall,
nd he will thee deny,
e that thou ſaidſt ſhall be a rock,
hereon to build ſo high.
it is he ſhall deny thee,
open common place,
but ſaith Chriſt hereby I ſhall,
ave a ſeaſon for grace.
ut ſon thy valiant *Peter* will,
eny thee till he ſwears,
nd that will be much more I know,
hen plucking off thy hair.
hough ſaith the ſon it will greive me,
et I ſhall there have grace,
rought by my Father to give him,
ſhall him meet apace.
nd he'l look back on me again,
o whom this grace will ſhine,
nd ſo he ſhall ſee his own heart,
nd be humbled in time.
ut ſon thou muſt be led to croſs,
nd diſciples fly away,
What then wilt thou do when they are not,
o carry croſs in that day.
hen ſaith the ſon thou wilt provide,
ome ſtranger there about,
nd if a ſtranger bear my croſs,
ſhall ſee grace ſhine out.

*A*nd I ſhall the more thee admire,
Therefore I do not fear,
To venter upon the whole work,
To bring deliverance here.
O but my ſon there will come more,
Thou muſt be nailed to croſs,
*A*nd there hang between two robbers,
This thou muſt have at laſt.
Well if it be ſo, yet I will ſtill
Say thy work it is ſweet,
For I ſhall there meet with and have,
More company to thy ſeat.
Though I one of my number loſt,
Thou on croſs bringeſt again,
This doth not ſtartle me at all,
Nor won't my glory ſtain.
But ſon the while thou art there nayl'd,
They'l offer bitter gall,
*A*lthough they do, yet ſaith the ſon,
I will not let work fall.
But ſon what if thy father ſhould,
Withdraw in latter time,
O though it will moſt bitter be,
Yet I will drink this wine.
For ſaith the ſon, I muſt ſhew forth,
A ſutableneſs in all,
Therefore if that Eclipſes come,
It is but for high call.
But ſon thou muſt be laid in,
A ſepulchre ſo new,
That its firm ſtone, and will bear ſeal,
That none may thee remove.
But ſaith the ſon, though ſtones be ſtrong,
*A*nd ſepulchre ſealed up,
I know that thou wilt reach thy hand,
Thou my God wilt me pluck.
But ſon thou muſt lay there three dayes,
*A*nd many hearts will flag,
Well ſaith Chriſt though they do yet,
My voice ſhall make them glad,
O I do know there hearts, although
They do queſtion, yet I
Will carry reſurrection flame,
*A*nd quickly open eyes,

My *Iohn* to whom I am ſo dear,
He that ſhew'd love ſo high,
O he ſhall diſcover the ſon,
That for ſinners did dye,
He ſhall ſweetly ſhew forth this thing,
The father to advance,
O he ſhall ſhew the ſon doth bring,
A choice deliverance.
When reſurrection ſon ſhines out,
O *Iohn* he ſhall declare,
And all his ſorrows done away,
All ſin all wrath and fear,
O *Iohn* doth ſhew this very Chriſt,
To whom the father ſpake,
He is revealed unto us,
And doth diſcoveries make.
This very Chriſt, o this bright ſon,
Is riſen up and he,
Is firſt beheld by hand-maids poor,
Mary ſhe muſt him ſee.
Iohn loves him, but *Mary* muſt tell,
Hand-maid was firſt with him,
To her the Saviour did appear,
And by her ſhewed to men.
Iohn doth not diſdain to take in,
The hand-maids which were there,
Who did ſo much love Jeſus Chriſt,
And reſurrection rare.
O *Iohn* he did ſpeak of hand-maids,
Whom Chriſt did love ſo dear,
And tells that Jeſus Chriſt he did,
To hand-maids firſt draw near.
O *Iohn* his record of the ſon,
Is very ſweet indeed,
He doth diſcover him to be,
The glorious lovely ſeed.
Iohn he ſhewed forth Jeſus Chriſt,
In his bright glorious ſhine,
And his great ſecrets are with him,
O *Iohn* ſpeaks moſt divine.
What he ſaw from originall,
In the Eternall ſtate,
He doth ſhew forth and it declare,
At a high bleſſed rate.

O how he doth exalt the ſon,
And lift up in our eyes,
And doth declare in what he ſaith
A whole Chriſt is compriſed.
He doth ſet forth his lovely Lord,
As a pure pattern here,
That ſo all may view Jeſus Chriſt,
And his great love dear.
Iohn ſets forth Chriſt in that he came,
So poor, ſo low, and mean,
And ſaith this is the very Chriſt,
On whoſe boſome I did leane.
This is the Chriſt that came to thee,
Its he cleanſeth from ſin,
Its he that juſtifies the ſoul,
And ſanctifying brings.
Come come to him, ſaith *Iohn*, poor ſouls,
O how humble was he,
To ſuffer and indure ſo much,
To bring forth victory.
This is the ſon, o this is he,
This is the onely one,
That hath ſuffer'd and indur'd ſo much,
To bring redemption.
This is the ſon, o this is he,
That was ſo ſlain for ſin,
And he will wait till that he doth,
Shine forth to all as King.
And his ſhall raign on earth as Kings,
And prieſts and prophets too,
The which the Harlots prophets and,
All antichriſtians rue.
And they which have ſo gone about,
To break and to ſtrike down,
O they ſhall then all fall before,
His high and mighty Crown.
Saith *Iohn*, this is the ſon indeed,
That is a ſheild to them,
That to him for all ſafety come,
Againſt the perjured men.
O this is he, this is the ſon,
That was a ſervant here,
For to fulfill his fathers law,
Which lay in his heart dear,

And

I then said God, my Son come up,
thy own glory be;
r thou hast been faithfull, and got
perfect victory.
y Son, my Son saith God thou hast
alfill'd and pleased me,
come my Son, thou shalt rejoyce,
nd thy souls travel see;
y Son, my Son, thou hast fulfill'd
nd nothing could thee fear,
come my Son, and thou shalt have,
l kingdoms for thy share.
come my Son, O come my Son,
at didst not fear the grave,
thou art lifted on the throne,
Kingly garments rare.
come my Son, o come my Son;
r I doe love thee dear,
ho had such love unto thy foes,
thou didst make appear
come my Son, for thou hast won,
e Crown, and mighty throne;
ho wast so willing to goe forth,
or sinfull flesh to own.
come, I doe in thee delight,
ou shalt the kingdome have;
ou that of thorns didst wear the Crown,
hich sinners scorning gave.
come my Son, o come my Son,
thee doth lye the power,
ou shalt put all things under thee,
know the time, and hour.
Iohn he wrote down all these things,
e did record of thee;
om what he saw, handled and felt,
om thy Eternity.
nd spirit comes forth with this word
f grace, and love so pure,
/ith this sincere and wholesome food,
/hich ever shall endure,
Iohn he loved very much
he dear and pretious Son,
nd could therefore speak of his death
nd resurrection,
Of his humane low fleshly state,
And of his Godhead high,
In declaring the lovely Son,
He said what he espies.
This Son he is the eternall word,
That from above comes down,
And here takes up a place, and seat
And then retakes his Crown,
A holy glorious Christ is preach'd,
By the beloved *Iohn*,
Who kept in minde originall,
And so declares along.
O dear choice *Iohn* was much raised;
For he had been lifted high,
And instructed in School most pure
Of the eternity.
O *Iohn* was often taken up,
And had a view I know,
Which made him love, and speak so much,
Of loves hid flaming glow.
O *Iohn* by spirit he was led,
And whether did he goe,
To read in the Originall,
Great mysteries to know:
Iohn a brave witness unto truth,
In *Patmos* did remaine;
For testimony unto Christ,
And it was Eternall gaine:
In Fathers bosome he was layd,
And merey seat did see,
And he obtained glorious things,
From the bright Diety:
O *Iohn* what afterwards must be
Desired much to know,
And therefore press on to it,
And entring further goes,
And the further, the more he see,
And the more doth admire;
The more in vision he beholds,
The greater's his desire.
O glorious writer, Lord, indeed,
Was thy dear *Iohn* of thee;
He was not silent, but he doth,
Hold forth the things he see,

He shewed all to Jesus Christ,
Who sate on throne so bright,
The enemies ruine and fall,
In his great conquering fight.
He shewed that all restor'd should be
That in Creation time
Appear'd so green, so fresh, and new
In its beauty and prime.
He shewed that all was in the son
When he appear'd in place,
Creation-groaning is done away
Through restitution grace.
O what a witnesse art thou *John*
Of Christ and of his spirit,
O thou shalt sit on Elders seat
Through thy dear Saviours merit.
John thou wilt not offended be
That hand-maids here should sing,
That they should meddle to declare
The matters of the King.
John will not be displeased that
They sit about the throne,
And go unto original,
And nothing else will own.
John he will not oppose and speak
Contesting against that,
But O *John* will be pleased with
What layeth flesh so flat.
O *John* will not condemn the song,
But rejoyce that the King
Hath hand-maids that are risen up
To speak the truth for him.
O *John*, O loving *John* thou wilt
Be like thy master here,
For when on earth he went about,
Hand-maids to him were dear.
O what a glorious writer's *John*,
That goeth down so deep
Into the hidden mysteries
To fetch matter and speech.
O *John* he declares Christ as man,
And Christ as God also,
And thus he will oppose and smite
Those that against him go.

And when the Antichrists came,
John he waxed more bold,
In any thing if they deny
Christ, he will faster hold.
For he is the eternal light,
He is very God and man,
The bright, the holy, and pure One,
Thus of him speaketh *John*.
And hee'l not let this truth to go,
For it was what he knew,
He said he is the *Alpha*, and
He is the *Omega* too.
O *John* he had enjoy'd the seal
That cometh from above,
And therefore *John* and *Mary* doth
Abound so much in love.
O blessed be the Lord of love,
That doth with spirit crown,
In bringing forth that harmony,
The which doth here abound.
Halelujah, Halelujah, will
I here for ever sing,
For thou with Crown and Scepter here,
Dost shew thy self as King.
Halelujah, Halelujah that
Thy spirit here is plain,
And it doth strike at every sin
That in the heart remain.
And every one that falleth down,
And lyeth at thy feet,
Thou wilt be sure to lift them up
And set them on high seat.
Thy Word and offer it is plain,
Thy method it is choyce,
O every unbelieving heart,
Pray come and hear this voice.
This day thou hast thy kindnesse shown,
Though many do disdain,
Yet thou hast some choice spirits here,
That do not count it vain.
Thou here hast sober ones, O Lord,
To whom thou hast been sweet,
And they do relish the rare things,
They do in spirit meet.

O thou hast some choice ones, O Lord,
That in thy heart do see,
And thou art loving unto them
That follow after thee.
O thou dost love poor hearts, O Lord,
That will not thee deride,
Although thou comest in a way
That wise ones do despise.
O thou dost love poor souls that will
Not from reproofe them hide,
Though that the spirit meets with sin,
And at corruptions chide.
O thou dost love poor souls, and say,
O do not open mouth
'Gainst that which offers grace to you,
And would your sins cast out.
Come here saith love, and be no more
Desirous of that,
Which will bring death and hell at last,
And lay your glory flat.
O come poor soul, saith love, O come,
Where hast thou been so long,
Why hast thou not come into me,
Whose affections are so strong.
O come poor soul, and do not now
Excuses to me make,
But when that love is offered,
Pray come and eat and take.
What saist thou to Original,
Pray take and eat the Book,
And thou wilt find much sweetnesse there,
And love therein to look.
The spirit doth make very much
Of every word and thing,
And gives encouragement to that
Which exalts Christ as King.
Therefore do thou do so, dear soul,
Go against the beast still,
For him that is so pure and bright
For to fulfil his will.
O what a spirit soul is this
That fain wou'd conquer thee,
It is a loving spirit souls
And it will make you free.

O its Doctrine it is plaine,
Its application new.
O treasure up the Doctrine
And application too.
It is a lovely Doctrine,
But do not take it ill,
That applicat on also comes,
But O embrace it still.
O love application so choyce,
Though it should break thy bone,
It is to let out corruption,
Do not against it groane.
O blessed and most glorious God,
This day is very sweet,
What say you unto it, dear friends,
Do not you it so meet.
O scorners understand it not,
You do not search and know,
And how then can you feel and find
The glorious shining glow.
You say 'tis a poor silly one
That her own words doth say,
And do not observe it throughout
To finde what in it lies.
But presently away do start,
So do Professors too,
But have no taste nor sight in that,
Which is Vision so new.
But O spirit shall here more sing,
Notwithstanding all those
In reproof and in praises of
The blessed Sharon rose.
And O you sober waiting ones,
Spirit doth love to sing,
And to relate here unto you
The matters of your King.
O you dear sober waiting ones,
What fragrancie is here,
For the Box it is opened, and
The Ointment doth appear.
And is poured out on you, dear friends,
Who love spirit so plain,
Who hath brought here a Psalm this day,
That's so distinctly fram'd.

O

O now, O now behold this love,
And more of it still crave,
That so you may see more of him
That this choice spirit gave.
O it will tell you more dear souls,
If that you'l hither come,
Therefore be sure you prize and love
The high and pretious Son.
O then let heart think so, and say,
It is most sweet and true,
And he shall more allure you still,
And thus your joys renew.
Oh pray the glorious God you may
Have a sight of his grace,
In its original and rise,
Even in election face.
O this is a sweet lovely shine,
A sight that's very high,
O it is in Original,
It's in Eternity.
O heaven it is opened,
Poor souls, O will you come,
O the clouds they are past away,
Will you behold the Son.
This is a day of loves free grace,
A day of its bright rayes.
A day wherein it utters much,
What will you to it say.
Will you embrace it, it is sweet,
It is most delicate,
O it will raise you to the Throne,
And unto glory take.
It will open a door that you
May into heaven look,
And you shall taste much sweetness when
You have eaten the book.
O that the Lord would thus appear,
That you these things might see,
And by them be brought forth into
A perfect liberty.
And therefore praise the Lord poor souls,
That hath a love so dear
To purge and cleanse thy soul from all
Sin and corruption here.
In such a measure as it shall
Not reign nor overcome
In those that walk with Jesus Christ
The glorious *Solomon*.
O love, O love thou enterest it,
Go on to do so still,
And in rebellious stubborn ones
Accomplish thy will.
O blessed be the God and King,
For such a day and time,
Wherein he cometh forth so choice
With things that are divine.
A day of love to sober ones,
A day of love indeed,
A day wherein you may rejoyce,
And with Jesus Christ feed,
A Psalm, a Psalm of love indeed,
That is sent from the King,
A Psalm of love that the spirit
Unto your souls doth bring.
A Psalm of love, a lovely Psalm,
That doth extol the son,
And doth declare the royal grace
That from his love doth come.
O what a Psalm shall there be sung,
When dry bones from the grave
Stand up and live before the Lord,
They'l sing a Psalm most brave.
They'l love the Psalm, and O do you
Unto your Children tell
The Psalm, and song that here hath been,
Let it in your hearts dwell.
Tell it to enemies and foes,
That do oppose the Lord,
And said it was an empty thing,
Do you these things record.
A Psalm a Psalm of praises
Shall have and enjoy here,
And a Psalm when I do depart,
Which will my soul much cheer.
A Psalm, a Psalm I shall then sing
For the blessed Kings Throne,
And for his Scepter that will not
Refuse me for to own.

That here have been a signe to all,
I suffered much for it,
In obedience to spirits call,
And more I shall sing yet:
A signe, a signe to Children,
O that they would it mind,
And it is a signe to enemies,
And they shall it so finde,
A signe, a signe to Churches too,
Though they against it throw;
A signe it is to every one,
With love it overflowes.
And therefore O Love more come down
In thy sweet harmony,
And let the Nations round about
Delight to hear of thee.
As King, and Priest, and Prophet too,
In thee all doth abound,
That hath, or is, or shall be here,
In thee its to be found;
And it's a glorious voice of speech,
When that the Lord doth speak,
As many waters in the noise
Ariseth from his seat.
O there the blessed winged ones
Do fly about the Throne,
And sing forth praises unto thee,
And do rejoyce to own
Poor creatures, and to be employd
Swiftly up and down,
Although they always do behold
The high and blessed Crown.
But O it is most bitter, Lord,
To walk on English ground,
'Mongst those that so oppose thy truth,
And in errour abound.
O it is very sad to me
To go 'mongst old or young,
That do slight thy most pretious things
And say its a mixt tongue.
It is grievous unto my soul
To walk here up and down,
Thou therefore tak'st me up to thee
And let'st me view thy Crown;
And City which shineth so rare,
Thy river there is choice,
And there's the Tree of life also,
There I shall hear thy voice.
In the midst of my sorrows here,
These things thou shewest me,
And they refresh me very much
In my captivity.
O thou, my soul, my soul thou lov'st,
To see him that is fair,
And thou delightest very much
In him that is so rare.
He that *John* and *Ezekiel* saw,
Is come down to my sight,
And lifteth me up from the grave,
And doth renew my life.
Though I be in captivity,
Yet he doth make me sing,
And though I often mourn here
Yet I afresh do spring.
O dear Lord, thou open'st to me,
And thou dost to me speak,
And thou dost call me up to see
The Kings most royal seat:
And *Halelujah* shall still
Be sung unto the King,
That night and day doth here appear,
And such provision bring.
He is the son, O he is all,
Though others do me check,
I have enough in him, O Lord,
And will be at his beck.
All night I will roul in thee,
O thou beloved choice,
Who will fit me for the next day
To declare with loud voice
The movings of the Spirit, when
Thou didst creation frame,
For all things were made by thy word
Which quickned'st the same.
My Christ, O I will rest with thee,
That dost come to me here,
And doth refresh me very much
With thy rich glorious cheer.

And saith, O come to me my child;
Love unto thee will talk,
And tell its mind, and it will shew
Its pleasant lovely walks.
O come this night and lodge, saith God,
O come and rest with me,
And in my bosome thou shalt have
A choice felicity.
And let poor souls have much, O Lord,
In the close of this Psalm,
O let them taste of this thy love,
And smell of thy sweet Balm.
O that companions might this night
Also be taken up,
And very much partake of that
Which is salvations cup.
That they may sweetly be with thee,
And in the night-time dark,
Yea, even at midnight enjoy
Something from thy own heart.
O come beloved waiting ones,
Spirit will try you all
Whether your love be bottomed,
Then you'l not from it fall.
O Spirit it will try you all
Whether heartily you come,
It is for holinesse throughout,
For love unto the Son.

A holy holy Spirit here
Would your poor hearts allure,
It is for holinesse, dear souls,
That always shall endure.
You that professe love to spirit,
O let others it know,
And let your conversation
Shew forth that it is so.
O shew it forth in all you do,
And give glory to him,
That you have seen so often here,
And have so faithfull been,
O now dear blessed glorious God,
I'le take what thou dost bring,
And it doth cheer me very much
That I shall of it sing.
O I will solace with my God
In his bosome so sweet,
O I shall lodge with thee, I know,
And with thy kindnesse meet.
Companions will you now go pray
My Christ, thou saist also,
That thou wilt to thy Father pray,
Thou shalt be heard I know.
O I must have strength from the Christ,
I am sure thou wilt it give,
And it is that and that alone
Can make me for to live.

Octob. 14. 1657.

From Eight of the Clock till about one, there was a Speaking to particular perſons.

BLeſſed be God that this laſt night
I could not hear any ſpeak,
Becauſe methought their words were ſo
Unlike the Eternal ſeat.
Where I had been whole days and nights,
And heard of myſtery choice,
Therefore a burthen it now is
To hear another voice.
I have been at thy lovely ſeat
Where Creation I did ſee,
Methinks Creation doth not look
In that right rich glory.
I have been at thy glorious ſeat,
I have convers'd above,
And therefore now I care not for
Other inferiour love.
I could not taſte of any thing;
Nothing will now go down,
For I have taſted other meat
In viewing of thy Crown.
I care not for any thing Lord,
I know not what to do,
But when I do come unto thee
My enjoyments are new.
And I do not now care at all
To live upon this earth,
When glory doth appear to me
It ſhews another mirth.
How can I pleaſed be dear God,
With company below,
When I above have harmony,
With Covenants high glow.
O yeſterday Eternity
Had here a luſterous ſhine,
It ſhewed the Original
In myſtery divine.
O here was ſung the progreſſe
And walks of that body,
Which was ſo willing for to come
For ſinners here to die.
O thou art glorious, O Chriſt,
Thou didſt moſt bright appear,
Thy love and goodneſſe it did ſhine
Moſt preciouſly and clear.
O love thou melteſt here my heart,
Thou art the onely reſt,
O thou art as a flame within,
Thy fire it is beſt.
And now my heart is ſtreightned much
Amongſt creatures to go,
Thou haſt been here ſo delicate
In thy election ſhow.
O loving God, O loving God,
My heart it doth ſo flame,
It will not be contented till
It enters in thy reign.
O loving God, O loving God,
Thou ſweetly doſt come down,
And giveſt my ſoul a viſion of
Thy moſt delightful Crown.
Thou calleſt ſons and daughters to
Come and behold thy love,
And view it in original,
Which cometh from above.

In

In Original, In Original.
There may you see it souls,
O come read in original book,
For that doth it unfold.
Original is opened,
O come that book and view,
That so it may raise up your souls,
In pleasures that are new.
O come, dear souls, O come dear souls,
These rivers they are sweet,
O come delight to swim in them,
Where you may Jesus meet.
O 'tis a love, a love indeed,
A love of life so choyce,
It will revive exceeding y
With its pure Gospel-voice.
O do you love the spirits law,
Come view that law of love
Which God and Christ do so much own,
It cometh from above.
Dear hearts be sure that you do love,
The high eternal light,
The Son of God which did come down
To thee in darkest night.
And he doth now require of thee
A full obedience,
O be sure you embrace his Law,
And do not start from hence.
For Christ he dearly loves thy soul,
Therefore to him retire,
And that is all that he of thee
For his love doth require:
O love spirit for it is pure,
And it will make thee shine,
O do you take delight in it
For it is most divine.
O love the Law O love the Law
Of life that is so pure,
O it is a most blessed Law,
It always shall endure.
O love the Law, O love it dear,
For it is very choice,
A Schoo Master indeed that hath
A very teaching voice.

O the Lords choice beloved Saints,
That now lye in the grave,
O they did keep unto thy Law
And counted it most brave.
Thy servants counted it most dear,
And for th King did cry,
O they did testifie for thee
With witnesse very high.
O those dear and choice ones, O Lord,
Against Apostates all
Highly did plead, and longed for
Their ruine and their fall.
These dear ones did not wander from
Thy Gospel-light so pure,
But their obedience unto thee
Did all their life endure.
O they could not be carried from
The high Kings blessed walk;
But O they witnessed for him
And of his Law did talk.
And souls, if you for *David* are,
And for his English march,
O then do you keep to his Law,
Which is so dear and choice.
If that you be for him and his march,
Do not stray any way,
But O keep to him and his Law
In this backsliding day.
O love the Law of the dear Son,
And resurrection day,
O come to God through his Son,
And then you will obey.
You will then obey the great God
In spirits light so pure,
But if you do leave off this Law,
O you cannot endure.
Original he bringeth down
Election Book to shew,
That so you may here read in it,
And after it may go.
Yesterday in this Book I read
Of Father and of Son,
From which the spirit did proceed,
And now for it I come.

For

For in Election-Book I read,
And in it ſaw theſe three,
In all their workings ſo diſtinct,
With pleaſant harmony.
O Spirit mov'd on waters high,
And cauſed the great depth
For to divide and ſeparate,
That of dry ground bereft.
The Spirit comes from Eternal Word,
It is that breath moſt choice,
That came forth from the living God,
In his Creation voice.
O I did ſee Election clear,
All that is wrought in time
Doth ſhine forth in Original,
In its beauty and prime.
And the ſun doth ſhine forth in all,
His Image it is ſweet,
And doth appear in every thing
That doth the Father meet.
And Spirit's alſo at the Throne,
And from thence it doth come
For to declarce of Jeſus Chriſt,
Who is the onely Son.
Oh! God he is a Spirit, and
Jeſus Chriſt is the ſame,
And Spirit takes of God and Chriſt,
And declares in his name.
O what a glorious one is this!
O what a lovely ſpirit!
That ſhineth here ſo pleaſantly,
And from them doth inherit.
As ſoon as Spirit it doth move,
The Sea quickly appears,
O the waters are cleanſed and
The mud it doth caſhire.
The ſpirit gathers the waters,
And then in creeks about,
And in channels he ſends them forth,
And giveth ſprings throughout.
The Spirit moved the waters, and
The Spirit ordered depths,
The Spirit gathered the Sea,
And the dry ground is left.
The Spirit is very glorious,
And wonderous in all,
And the depths doth unto the depths
For his high prayſes call.
The Spirit ſhineth on waters,
The choice Deity face
Did there appear, and then waters
Did ſwiftly run apace.
O they do ſwiftly ebb and flow,
That they may praiſe throughout,
The ſea after its kind doth praiſe,
And the ſprings round about,
The Spirit moves, and all things then
Do look moſt ſweet and choyce,
And all things had its limits ſet
By the Deities voice.
The Spirit moves on waters and
Then day and night comes forth,
And all things had its due ſet place,
This is Scriptures report.
O when you ſee the waters and
When you the Sea behold,
O think upon theſe movings that
Such myſteries unfold.
O the time cometh on apace,
Thoſe that in darkneſſe lie,
Shall be called to wonder at
Thy glorious Spirit high.
The Marriners that to & fro
So on the ſeas abound,
Shall take notice of Spirit high,
In its Original Crown.
Thoſe that thus travel in the depth,
And on the waters lay,
Shall then behold the Spirit high,
In its Creation day.
They that do on the waters go,
And the Lords wonders ſee,
Shall ſweetly rejoyce and ſound forth
The Spirits high glory.
The Spirit mov'd on the waters,
That there the ſhips might ſwim,
That ſhould be made uſe of after
That fallen man did ſin.

The Spirit cauſed ſhips to ſail,
That Creation might be
The more beheld, and there you may
The Spirits movings ſee.
He gave wiſdom for to build ſhips,
That his works might appear
In their great choice variety
To man more bright and clear.
And that you might learn the more,
On God in all to look,
And be carried forth unto him
In his Original book.
It is a delicate ſpirit which
Is in Deity wall,
The ſpirit it is very good,
It comes from him that is all.
The ſpirit is Creator too,
And with the word doth joyne,
O the ſpirit is one alſo
In Deity divine.
The ſpirit in Original
Hath been with God and Chriſt,
And alſo doth proceed from them,
And is eternal life.
The ſpirit on the waters mov'd,
And great increaſe did come
Of fiſhes, wh ch did multiply,
And in the waters ſwom.
In the waters variety
Of fiſhes that are great,
And alſo ſuch as are moſt ſweet
And choice delightful meat.
O what a rare ſpirit that moved
Thus in Creation time,
A ſpirit and a lovely one
That is high and ſublime.
He made the whale ſo huge, ſo high,
And ſo great every way,
So ſtrong that it is as a King
In the waters to ſway.
Nothing can there before it ſtand,
But it wheels all about,
And hath a perfect victory
In the Ocean throughout.

O the whale overturns ſhips,
It is a mighty thing
That thus the greateſt veſſels ſplit,
And to deſtruction bring.
A glorious ſpirit breathed forth
On the waters, that it
Should thus contain the mighty whale
That there as King doth ſit.
For all things are by ſpirit made,
It ordered the whole,
And gave command to every thing
In the Creation mold.
O *Job* when that thou cameſt out,
Thou ſhalt ſing of the whale,
O thou ſhalt ſhew him as a King
Over fiſhes and ſcale.
And thou that to God ſpakeſt of it,
When thou ſhalt ſee ſons reign,
Upon thy ſtanding riſing feet
Thou wilt admire the whale.
Thou wilt admire the ſpirit
In its Creation rare,
Which ſo diſpoſed every thing,
None can to it compare.
The ſpirit alſo it did make
The little fiſhes ſmall,
And his great power and his love
Doth ſweetly ſhine in all.
O the ſpirits moving was rare
In all his fiery race,
In every thing it did appear
On the Creation face.
But yet thoſe that go on the ſea,
Cannot thus ſing of thee,
Without the knowledge of the Lord
There is no melody.
But O go to the Mariners,
And lead them to thy ſea',
That they may read the ſpirits works
In creation compleat.
Then when they on the waters go,
They will ſee ſpirit there,
And then they will in every thing
Behold the ſpirit rare.

O go unto the Marriners,
Let them unto flesh die,
And let them relish the spirit,
And Jesus Christ espie;
O let them follow Jesus Christ
The King of Nations great,
And they shall then give thanks to thee,
And run unto thy seat.
If that poor Marriner were here,
That in prison hath been,
Spirit would of the sea and ships
Bee talking unto him;
If that that Marriner were here,
The spirit would to him sing,
That sea and ships should be usefull
And employed for the King;
O if that Marriner would come,
The spirit would him aske,
Why that he did so often say
Love should abide and last;
O if the prisoners would but mind
What in their bonds they say,
They would act more for Jesus Christ
In this back-sliding day;
If that the prisoners did mind this,
They would better fruit bring,
Which should be manifestly seen
To all in every thing.
The spirit is in Creation seen
In every Bird that sings,
And in each creature that doth here
On earth so sweetly spring;
O spirit thou art sweetly seen
In thy creating houre,
In all things that here cometh forth
In every plant and flower;
O spirit it sparkels and shines
Forth in the *Onix* stone,
And in the *Beryll*, O spirit,
It is the rare choice one:
O the spirit shineth throughout,
It doth most sweetly look,
What a pleasant witness is this,
Wherein so much is put,
Its spirits influence doth cause
Trees to look fresh and green,
Each little sprig for to have sapp,
Whereon the leaves are seen;
It causeth blossoms, and the fruit,
It is from spirits blow,
And his rare workmanship is seen
In each garden below:
The spirit it is greatly seen
In the creation all,
And it is reason that it should
Be at the spirits call;
The spirit also did appear
In threefold councill, that
To raise man-kind out of the dust,
On his creation sat.
Three is not spoken of before
Nor in this manner nam'd,
But they are clearly mentioned, when
Poor man is to bee fram'd,
That so he might behold them all,
And think on this love well,
Though other creatures had the three
Yet not so visible:
Sure the worlds originall cannot
Bring forth such a choice sound,
Lets look up to this diety
For there it doth abound;
O it doth greatly sparkel there,
But few can it behold,
So as to magnify this love
That doth such things unfold;
The honour shew'd to man is great,
He is pleas'd above all
For all are subject unto him,
At his command and call;
But when that he was form'd and fram'd,
He had not breath to breath,
But then the Lord did it covay,
And unto him bequeath;
Incomprehensible this love,
Deity breathed in,
This creature whom they had thus fram'd
And given life to him:

Most

Most glorious was his state, and seat,
Till that an angell bright
Became a serpent, and did tempt
Him at Gods law to smite;
When that they were in Paradise
The serpent to them came,
With his subtill temptations,
And they yeeld to the same;
The creature had not honour now
In the fields as before,
O he had lost his glory, by
This lustfull sinfull gore;
When that he was in paradise,
Obedient to the Lord,
All things submitted unto him,
And sweetly did accord
In a spirit of holiness,
And when that comes again,
The Devill he shall be bound up
In everlasting chain:
In the creation of poor man
How did the spirit shine?
O it was a most royall peice,
That had image divine;
What exellency did appear,
And shine in every thing?
What a choice work-manship was that,
Which from these three did spring?
And when that man did walk about,
And the cattle behold,
And the Birds which so sweetly sing
They did to him unfold
The diety and on the deep,
The spirits breath was choice,
And all the little birds did sing
To man with cheerfull voice;
And mans work was more Excellent
And looked pleasantly,
I am delighted very much
To behold this glory;
For he was Lord and master then
And raised over all,
And he most sweetly did rejoyce
Before his lust, and fall;
O his countenance it was rare,
His beauty excellent,
His form and fashion, and his grace,
From very high discent;
And for him thou hast sweetly brought
A most pleasant Psalm here,
And the Godhead appeares in it
Most pretiously and clear;
O spirit thou didst move on dust,
O spirit thou didst come,
And rear up man, and breath in him
That is the lovely one;
But O when the serpent did tempt,
He was disobedient,
And his image is defaced then
And his glory from him rent;
But notwithstanding this great fall,
He's raised through the merit
Of thy dear son and by him shall
A glorious seat inherit.
Then in creation of female
Thou took'st his rib, and bone,
And did command a sleep on him
And didst thy work alone,
But not a sleep in order to
Joyning in body or mind,
That could not be because it was
The rare perfection time;
It was not a sleep as now wee take,
But it was a resting sweet,
And suddenly thou then didst make
For him a help most meet;
But why didst thou lay him asleep,
O thou didst make him see,
That he must not be taken in
To the work of the Three,
He must not so presume and reach,
Though a soul rare and choice,
Yet he must not attempt to joyn
With the great diety voice;
He is poor dust, and must not bee
Taken in councell here,
Though he be of a glorious make,
He must not here appear;

The ſpirit alſo mov'd herein,
And opened joynts and bone,
And did make up a Curious piece,
Here appear'd three in one.
And then the work it was compleat,
Meet help to him is left,
That ſo they might in paradiſe
Talke in that ſweet choyce breath.
O then the work it was moſt pure,
It looked very ſweet;
O diety, the Birds of thee
In ſinging notes did meet,
Bird, Beaſts and Plants, all thee did praiſe
And were uſefull to him,
In the prime firſt Creation days,
Before that man did ſin.
And the moſt glorious God deſired
But one thing in this ſeat,
To be reſerved for himſelf
Amongſt his gifts ſo great:
And the Devill begins with that,
And cunningly ſaid it
Was good for them, but his drift was,
Mans innocence to ſplit;
But the ſpirit, the ſpirit was,
So choyce, ſo high, and rare,
The ſerpent could not hit at that
Nor his glory lay bare.
O he could not meddle with that,
But it was above all,
It remained bright, glorious, great,
Though man had ſuch a fall.
The glorious tree, the gooly tree,
The knowledge tree ſo high,
The fruit that was forbid by God,
The ſerpent at did fly.
The Devill he did fly at it,
Times at foreknowledg high,
The Bargain it was very great,
And much in it did lie,
The ſerpent for foreknowledge would,
Readyly part withall,
So he might have an inſight there,
He would let all elſe fall.

The ſerpent ſtrikes at foreknowledge,
To Children it is dear,
But his deſtruction is therein,
For to be ſeen moſt clear.
The ſerpent he did come, and doth
With ſubtilty beguile.
Poor *Eve*, alas they quickly are,
With ſubtil miſchief foyl'd.
And when poor man is fallen, he
Is like to one amas'd,
He cannot tell whether to goe,
But doth about him gaſe.
For Birds and Beaſts all are againſt
Him, that to him before
Were in ſubjection, and did yeeld,
They will not now adore:
Nor he cannot ſee as before
The paradice ſweet ſhine,
For ſin and Satan had come in,
And ſpoyl'd what was divine.
All things do look ghaſtly, and pale
Upon poor fallen man,
O they do not as heretofore
In full perfection ſtand,
O they run in the thickets then,
And hide in darkeſt place,
They are aſhamed to appear
Before the Almighties face.
But in the Cool God comes and calls
Adam, where art thou now,
But *Adam*, was affraid, becauſe
He did to Satan bow:
Adam, what is become of thee,
O what doeſt thou do there
O doſt thou think from my preſence
To hide thee any where:
The ſerpent hath beguiled thee,
And thou doſt think to hide, (full
But thou ſhouldſt have been more watch-
Againſt temptations ſide,
Satan did make thee to believe,
That thou ſhouldſt be as God,
But thou ſhalt find he did deceive,
And meet a ſcourging rod.

But

But O foreknowledge now steps in,
And for poor man doth plead,
And discovers election,
And shew that Christ must bleed.
O foreknowledge that doth step in,
And then the Serpent dyes,
And he doth wallow in the dust,
And on the ground doth lye.
He, that once was an Angel bright,
Is cast down to the Lake,
And never shall with fallen man
Be partaker of Grace.
And the original of Sin
And Satan did take place,
And so alas did bring about
Mans fall and his disgrace.
Foreknowledge brings election out,
And doth declare that love,
And sheweth from Eternitie
What cometh from above.
For in original is set
Gods foreknowledge so great,
And O let not free-willers now
Account of this a cheat.
It's true the Serpent chased man
From out the glorious place,
But O the Serpent could not spoyle
His intereſt in Grace.
For the Eternal Son steps in
Unto poor fallen man,
And he's recovered again
By a most royal hand.
According unto foreknowledge
And election indeed,
The Lord doth presently provide
This choice and pretious seed.
This flourishing foreknowledge tree,
In despite of all foes,
Doth still indure and stand upright,
And it shall ever grow.
It's the foreknowledge of a God,
It looks most fresh and green,
O it appears most pleasantly,
There's nothing like it seen.

But Satan labours many waies,
At foreknowledge to strike,
And to eclipse its glory and
Saith it was from foresight
Of something that poor man should do,
That it was from sight of worke,
And thus the Devils instruments
Do at foreknowledge pluck.
But the Tree of foreknowledge stood
In an abiding ground,
And there's no other cause for it,
But what in God is found.
The Tree of knowledge it did stand
In Paradise, and there
Is also put the flaming sword,
Which is exceeding rare.
The flaming sword is also there,
That it might run through all
That would be striking at this Tree,
Thinking to make it fall.
But who so striketh at this Tree,
The flaming sword shall cut,
And those that cavil at Spirit
Shall surely have the hurt.
Some in this Generation,
Pretending much for Grace,
Say it was for all, not only some,
But this doth it deface.
And though that Christ doth with sweet voyce
Call to rebellious ones,
And they are left without excuse,
None can come to the Throne,
But such as in foreknowledge were,
O this is glorious Grace,
The Deity doth here shine forth
In its election face.
O the Son he doth magnifie
The Fathers grace and love,
But yet the Son he doth not spoyle
Foreknowledge from above.
And poor Souls you will not then think
Upon free will so much,
If you go forth to Jesus Christ,
And have redemptions touch.

O look unto the ſon of God,
Fo he foreknowledg knew
And all the g'orious things that ſo
From Gods election grew,
And when ſouls rightly take a view,
O it is through Chriſts light,
Elſe its dangerous to look
On that wh.ch is ſo bright:
The ſword that was about the tree,
It had a lovely flame,
It did ſorround foreknow'edg tree
That nothing could it ſtain;
The very ſpirit that did move
In firſt creation ſo,
It alſo doth defend this tree
Againſt the evill foe;
And O this glorious tree is kept
Though *Babylon* would have ſlain,
And hath indeavoured by all meanes
This flaming love to ſtain;
But O the ſword is about it,
And this your faith ſhall ſee,
And therefore look up to the Lord
For there is victory,
And do not fly againſt ſpirit,
Which doth ſo much appear
For the truths of the diety
And wou'd draw your ſouls near;
Ezekiell he was taken up,
And did in viſion bright,
Behold the glorious Dety,
He had a pretious ſight
Of ſeverall winged creatures, when
God thus did him up call,
For then moſt ſweetly he beheld
The Originall of all:
The ſpirits work in creation,
In rivers he is there,
And in dry land he doth appear;
In all things very rare;
And father, and ſons light and love
Is in a l that was made,
And the ſpirit, theſe three are one
In all that then was ſaid:
Then in redemption ſpirit comes,
And thereof he do h talk
And ſhews the bleſſed royall K.ng
In his redemption walk;
The ſpirit of the ſon hath told
And of the Father dear,
And to the creature doth apply;
And b ingeth this love near:
The ſpirit reads originall book,
Not for himſelf alone,
But to apply redemption
To the poor weeping one,
And therefore 'ove poor ſouls to drink
Of ſpirits wine ſo choice,
For that will cleanſe your ſouls from ſin,
And free you from all droſs:
Come O you ſober waiting ones,
You love to drink herein,
And for to taſt of Jeſus Chriſt
Who frees the ſoul from ſin;
Come waiting ſouls, come what ſay you
Unto this wine ſo ſweet,
What ſay you to the cluſters that
You did from *Canaan* meet;
But O the ſcorner comes and laughs,
At *Canaans* c uſters great,
But the children do not delight
To ſit in ſcorners ſeat;
But O come forth you ſober ones,
And eat of the choice grape,
For the juce is refreſhing ſweet
And after more you will gape;
O come you ſincere ſober ones,
For its prepared for you,
For they are reliſhed and toucht
But by a very few;
Poor hearts you that do ſigh and groane,
Come drink of ſpirits wine,
It will carry to Jeſus Chriſt,
And will your ſouls refine;
O poor hearts methinks you ſhould not
Hear theſe would make you fly
From the ſweet teachings of this love,
Which in your hearts ſhall lie,

O the anointings of the Lord
Will make your ſouls to ſhine,
O do not ſpeak againſt that which
Is ſo high and ſublime;
It doth not favour any one,
It is not from the brain,
But it doth ſearch the heart throughout
And it doth try the reines;
O pray ſouls receive the ſpirit
For it is very high;
It did create and form all things
That you do here eſpie;
O pray ſouls love the ſpirit which
Alſo doth ſhew the ſon,
In his redemption work ſo great,
For from him he doth come,
And O what doth the ſpirit ſhow
Of his anointing great,
And what will not anointing do
Before the higheſt ſeat;
Pray waiting hearts drink of this wine,
It ſhall with you remain,
It will not only fly to head,
But run in every vein;
O come poor unbeleeving ones,
Look to this royall grace,
And ſee the cups that over-flow
They'l fill your ſoul apace:
O Chriſt he minds the trembling heart,
And the wounded ſpirit,
That taketh what doth iſſue forth
From his victorious merit;
Would you poor hearts have a ſpring time
O come you and wait here,
For the cold winter it is gone
And ſummer doth appear;
O come you drooping hearts, O come,
For ſpirit doth love ſtill
To ſpeak particularly to you,
Your empty ſouls to fill;
It is the publick ſpirit ſouls
And it doth love to ſhow
The large and royall grace that doth
To ſinners overflow;
And the book of originall
Theſe things doth tell and bring,
Poor ſouls, O come and read in it
The matters of your King.
O Chriſt when he did riſe from grave,
With Godhead ſpirit high,
He minded *Maries* tears, and then
Did pitty weeping eye;
It was his work for to aſcend,
And ſwiftly go to throne;
Yet when a weeping *Mary* comes,
Hee'l not leave her alone
Without ſome words of comfort, O
He muſt to *Mary* talk,
And alſo ſend to Bretheren,
Who likewiſe love his walk
She cries *Rabbony*, and would touch,
But prethee *Mary* ſtay,
For I am not aſcended yet
Saith he, but go that way;
He did not ſtay, I cant now talk;
But wipes away her teares,
And ſpeaks moſt kindly unto her,
That ſo ſhe might not fear;
O what a glorious Chriſt is this,
That doth ſay I am he,
And what a bright and flaming love,
May poor hearts in him ſee.
While ſhe was weeping he do h ſpeak,
And unto her doth come,
While you have teares on cheeks for him,
He will bring comfort home
Unto your ſouls, and you ſhall drink,
And have your fill of love;
And it ſhall riſe up to a flame,
And carry you above.
O come then and do you behold
The King in his high reign,
In full compleat perfection, and
See all the enemies ſlain:
This you ſhall ſee, therefore rejoyce:
In your Saviour ſo dear,
Behold the love of him that will
Wipe away all your tears.

Therefore

Therefore O Souls come unto him,
Beleeve he is your rest,
And love the Gospell very dear,
And covenant that is best;
And be sure you observe what doth
Come from the King of Kings,
And let none lead your souls away
From that which comfort brings:
But O observe the true Gospell,
For it is choice indeed,
And it is very glorious
For the soul on to feed;
How sweetly died *Sillinghast*
In Gospell sound so choice,
And O how much did his soul prize
Thee in new covenant voice:
O he was faithfull unto thee,
And much comfort did bring
To thine, how sweet's his rising day
That kept close to the King,
And did not from new covenant start,
Love swallowed up his prime,
And he did witness very high
To truth of latter time;
O how sweetly did *Pendarvis*
Take farewell of all here,
And was faithfull in testimony
And in obedience dear;
He stood unto new covenant,
Did not to *Sinai* run,
Nor to stone-tables for a rule,
But did to *Zion* come;
O how lovely and sweet was he,
Who morned for *Davids* spirit,
Who did so much desire his march
That he might his inherit;
His soul was sad, and could not bear
Any should take in hand,
What was against the blessed son
For whom he up did stand;
O his name and fame it shall live
From first unto the last,
He greatly loved thee, and did
To thy commands stand fast,
And every where did speak for thee,
His heart was on a flame;
O he was faithfull unto Christ,
And to his blessed raign,
And O how sweetly did he speak
Forth in the spirits sound
Of the commands of Jesus Christ
When he went on this ground;
He own'd the poorest one that he
Did look upon as thine,
And did praise Jesus Christ in all
O his soul did incline
Unto thy glorious Kingdome, and
Did long for thy high throne,
And to behold thy blessed face
That art the smiting stone;
How sweetly did he set thee forth,
And how did he oppose
Those that were not for Christ, that is
The onely *Sharon* rose;
He did not care what any said,
But kept unto record,
This is the evill of this day
Souls do go from the Lord;
But sweet were the commands of Christ,
Unto this servant dear,
They were to him most pure, and bright,
And did refresh and chear;
O what a glorious frame is this,
Sure it is very safe,
And it will certainly lead souls
In to the straightest gate,
O lovely died *Pendarvis*
Lovely was his renown,
And every way most pretious,
And blessed is his Crown;
He was lovely in principles,
Lovely in Doctrine,
And lovely in his practice too
Which beautified him:
Blessed was he in holiness
Which did so sweetly shine
In his most humble holy look
With countenance divine;

He died unto yoke-fellow
And unto children dear,
And early in the morning he
Approches the throne near:
That so for dear *Jerusalem*
He might with face on ground
Go weep, and mourn unto the Lord
Who will by such be found;
He waked early that he might
For poor *Jerusalem* go
Unto the throne, and there he wept
That others did not so;
O this beloved blessed one
Did long so after thee,
And thou didst Crown his daies, and life
With spirits melodie;
And he was not rash with his tongue,
But he did speak most meek,
He was a choice and lovely one,
He was a dilicate sheep;
And a sweet pleasant Psalm thou hast
Sent for this lovely one,
Who did delight in Jesus Christ
More then in any one:
O that others did also mind
This example so rare,
That they might go forth after him
That is so bright and fair,
And my heart doth to children go,
I would ly at thy feet,
And beseech thee to carry them
Unto thy Gospell seat;
O I could even die O Lord
That they might live to thee
And embrace that pure Gospel law
Where is such melodie;
O that those poor souls would now come
From that which is so dark,
From *Sina's* law which even doth
Shoot like a peircing dart;
O it doth shoot 'gainst thee O Lord,
How can I it embrace,
For it shoots against the covenant
Which hath such glorious grace;

Though thy Gospell-commands I love
And fellowship would crave,
Yet I had rather go to earth
And ly in the deep Grave,
Then to enjoy it with those, that
Doe so love *Sina's* walk,
How can I embrace it with them
That for that covenant talk;
O I cannot have fellowship
Though I in it delight,
For so to hear my Saviour wrong'd
Is grievous in my sight;
But O I would have fellowship
With faithfull reall spirits,
According to a Gospell rule
Through my dear Saviours merits;
O fellowship is sweet indeed
And will be till I die,
And then a witness you shall have
To it that is more high.
With testimony against those
That are apostates great,
And against Seperates also,
That do love *Sina's* seat;
I matter not what any say,
Who will not these things own,
For I shall still sing more of it
And for thy raigning throne:
O lovely spirit thou art best,
That cometh down to me,
And carries forth my soul in this
Choice, and sweet harmony;
O rare spirit, O thou art rare
That shineth forth so pure,
Thou art the high and blessed one
That shall allwaies indure;
O spirit, thou art very choice,
That *Joel* said before
Should after Christ come down, and it
Is come, and shall much more;
O rare spirit thou art the same
Come to Disciples then,
And did seal unto *Joels* word,
For after ages men,

But not to ſeal, and terminate
It only unto them,
But the firſt fruits it was of that
Shall be to latter men.
And thy handmaids were promiſed
Much of that ſpirit choice,
And it is, and it ſhall come forth
In a rare ſinging voice.
It ſhall be poured all along,
While that the ages laſt,
But Antichriſtian Rabby's do
Indeavour this to blaſt
The glorious choice ſpirit, Souls,
O the annointings ſweet,
They'l make you ſing, and quickly lay
All others at your feet,
The ſpirits ſweet anointings, ſouls,
O what will they not do,
Go to the Lord, for the ſpirit
In his diſcoveries new;
A holy ſpirit, ſouls, it is,
Which you have ſeen this day,
And the ſpirit hath come forth here,
In the Creation way.
O love ſpirit, which doth ſo come
In firſt Creation ſound,
And ſee the progreſs he hath made,
And none ſhall you confound.
O in the dayes of viſion
You ſhall ſpirit behold,
And be affected much with him
That ſhineth more than Gold.
He is a glorious royal one,
He is eternal Light,
It is reaſon you ſhould wait on him
That is ſo high and bright.
O come dear ſouls come and try it,
See if it be not more
Than any ſpirit that's on earth,
Or hath been heretofore.
O come poor ſouls, come peeviſh ones,
O come and now draw near,
And tell me, ſouls, if any do
So gloriouſly appear.

O come and try the ſpirit, ſouls,
What can you to it ſay,
It is the voice of God indeed,
In reſurrection way.
O come and try the ſpirit, ſouls,
And ſee what it doth bring,
Is not the meſſenger moſt ſweet
That cometh from the King.
O come and try the ſpirit ſpirit ſouls,
O it is full of love,
And it is ſent forth unto you,
It cometh from above.
O come and try the ſpirit then,
O brethren come try,
Come ſiſters, and ſay what you do
In the ſpirit eſpie.
O come and view the ſpirit, ſouls,
And hear what it doth ſpeake,
And ſee the *Scepters* glory which
Cometh from royal ſeat.
The ſpirit it is bold and high,
The ſpirit will not creep,
It is the ſpirit of Nobles,
You muſt unto it ſeek,
It is the onely Conquerour,
What will you try withall,
For he doth come with the ſame word,
And for it he doth call.
The ſpirit ſometimes hath the noiſe
Of wings, which up do fly,
And ſoundeth ſweetly in his voice,
O come the ſpirit try.
And thus it was in viſion, when
Ezekiel up was took,
The ſpirit in appearances
Moſt variouſly doth look
But that this glory he might beare,
God bids him eat the roll,
And it was ſweetneſs unto him,
And God did more unfold.
O eate the roll *Ezekiel* eate,
Viſion ſhall make thee glow,
And thou ſhalt be ſtrengthened; and ſhalt
With new diſcoveries go.

What

What living Creatures did he see,
And Cherubins behold,
O what appearances had he,
And what did God unfold.
O go *Ezekiel*, now discover,
Tell *Israell* my mind,
But O you will be sure in them
Much rebellion to find.
Saith God unto the Prophet, and
He was obedient,
And he declared the mind of him
From whom he was forth sent;
O souls, now will you keep to him
That is so high above,
And march unto his Kingdom, though
You meet with many a Rub.
O it is time to act for him,
And for *Jerusalem* wall,
For men they are grown impudent,
And would fain make it fall,
O therefore call poor lost ones in,
Call the perverseſt men,
And let them view this City Lord,
And shew grace unto them.
O call rebellious ones, O Lord,
Call the most stubborn spirit,
And spirit them for to come forth,
And robbers disinherit.
Convince the Treacherous, O God,
O their danger so great,
And let not them longer stand out,
But come unto this seat.
The spirit greatly for them mourns,
And Scripture doth bring here,
Therefore if any comes to try,
They must with it appear.
The spirit it is noble, and
Will not use poll cies,
But comes in mystery, most choice,
And from mens reason flies.
It comes in a plain form of speech,
Though its voice be divine,
It doth not love confusion,
But gently tells its mind.

The Scripture is a lovely piece,
Spirit discovers the same,
And it doth witness of all three
In the choice diety name,
And the Lord now hath sent it forth,
In prayer that is most choice,
And in a spirit of propheeye,
And in a sweet singing voice.
This spirit hath kept this poor one
Amidst many attempts,
From the Devil and World too,
And not only from thence, (rage
But from Church-members, and their
O Lord is very great,
But O let them repent of it,
And be humbled at thy seat,
And notwithstanding all thou dost,
Keep me from any harme,
For I am kept inclosed in
Thy most beloved arme.
I care not to go up and down,
For it sadness doth bring,
But I love to behold thy Crown,
And of thy Throne to sing,
O I do love to come to thee,
Though others do revile,
And 'tis not all any can do
That shall my comforts foyle.
And when my Father speaks to me,
I do on all things then
Look as unworthy for to be
Compared unto him.
My God, my God, O thou art he
That dost so rake my heart,
O I see all to be in thee;
O here's the lovely part,
Come souls tast of his royalty,
With a believing touch,
The spirit loves you dearly, soul's,
And that you should take much.
O he doth love the weary soule,
And he will give it ease,
Let nothing therefore you affright,
But labour him to please.

It's a most holy, choice spirit,
What say you Bretheren,
And sisters, have you had enough;
O he'l more to you send,
If still you are hungring for that
Which is so sweet and choice,
You shall from the Original,
Heare more of the sweet voice;
It is the spirit of Nobles,
A princely spirit indeed,
Art thou willing it to embrace,
It will supply thy need.
Souls here is meat and drink indeed,
If once you taste of it,
You will not relish any thing,
For nothing else will fit,
And the spirit it will teach you
For to own it aright,
And to pass through all scornes, for
The true and only Light.
O therefore come and learn of it,
And to all things else die,
And be contented to loose all
For this sweet Harmonie.

O my dear bretheren, will you
For ever with it close?
And the spirit will more and more
In it your hearts compose.
O bretheren pray, that so the Lord
May make you stedfast stand,
And continue faithfull to him,
In this backsliding Land.
O pray to him that still he may
More powerings give here,
And make you more and more relish
This sweet refreshing chear.
O brethren and sisters dear,
To morrow will you come
And heare what is declared, by
The spirit of the Son.
And O companions, will you now
Meditate on these things,
O that they might digested be,
And in you live and spring;
And do you praise the glorious God,
O praise him night and day,
And I will also praise his name,
And rest with him alwaies.

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5. November

5. November 1657. about 2. of the Clock.

The matter before I writ (as I was told) was touching the Saints Suffering and Martyrdome &c. and so it appeares by what leads to a speaking of the prepared body.

O Lord my God, O thou art much
In remembring thine here,
Of those times, which are past and gone
And of so many yeares,
What dost thou fetch past ages back,
And years unto this time?
O dost thou bring thy Martyrs here
To fight, since Christ first wind?
O must thousands of years declare
What by thee hath been done,
In despight of all Enemies
To glorifie the Sonne.
O living Creatures Wings must mount,
O their wings must soar high,
And greatly thou must praised be,
By those that thee espie;
Living Creatures about the Throne
Must needs praise him that comes,
And takes the body from his Father,
And as a Lamb brings down,
O living Creatures, this must needs
Such a true Lamb admire,
And they must fall down before him
That doth so much retire;
Elders with living Creatures shall
Then compass thy Throne round,
Then Jewes and Gentiles shalbe brought
Upon salvation ground;
Patriarch Jews shall come in number
Which is compleat and true,
And Apostle Gentiles shall then speak
For the high number new.
Patriarch number shall be joyn'd
With Apostles so sweet,
And both shall make up one number,
High, sublime, and compleat;
No toe shall wanting be though it
Appear so little and low,
Yet all shall be brought unto that
Which as Lambs Body shall go,
This Body Patriarchs shall shew,
And Apostles shall declare;
O compleat is that Body, it
Is glorious and rare.

A body that Father prepared
To ſuffer for elect,
And ſo bring forth Creation which,
Sin hath ſo much here checkt,
And a Body muſt thus declare,
And for poor ſinners ſhew,
Therefore this Body muſt not want
A finger nor a toe;
For the Body Father ſent downe,
Which was Virgin body pure,
It was compleat from head to foot,
This body ſhall indure.
This body the Father ſent out,
It was prepared of old,
And came forth in ſweet Virgin ſtate,
Though laid in manger mold.
This prepared body, dear God,
It was compleat and choice;
And thou didſt ſend it forth in time,
With a choice Virgin voice.
This body in Virginity
Takes up its lodge therein,
Though it comes from the mighty throne,
Virgin womb muſt it bring.
O what a glorious body's this
That from eternity ſprung,
And did declare Virginity
To the rebellious Sons.
A glorious body it was, when
With Father it did lodge,
And a glorious body when that it
In Virgin had refuge.
When in womb, and in birth, O it
Had there no bloody gore,
A Virgin pure, white, and clean, and
Such as nere was before.
A Virgin cleane, a glorious ſtate
That was brought forth thus here,
O it was of a glorious make,
And without filth appeared.
But a moſt glorious Son, O God,
Provided in body to come,
And though an Infant, yet it was
A pure Virgin white one.
And no cry was found in his mouth,
No ſin that did make cry,
But O the glorious Son did come
Not with ſuch ſinfull cry.
A bleſſed body God prepared,
A body free from all,
From ſin, from filth, from luſt, from fear,
When forth to manger calld;
A body, and prepared indeed,
So glorious and ſo bright,
Who had no voice 'gainſt *Herod*, though
He againſt him did fight.
A glorious body that came forth
In a choice myſterie,
A delicate one, that was moſt fair,
And did not in blood lye,
A delicate rare Child was Jeſus
And he looked fair at firſt,
And no waſhing he needed, for
He had no ſinfull luſt.
A glorious body, a glorious Child,
That did not whimpering ſpeake,
But O delicate countenance
Was upon that ſlain ſheepe,

Moſt.

Most delicate when it was in womb,
And when it in manger lay,
And when on the Cross, and in grave,
Nothing took it away.
A rare Body was Jesus Christ,
In all his passages here,
And a glorious body he is, in
His intercession deare.
A body that God did appoint,
The Mediator to,
A body to suffer for sin,
And to make old things new.
A body, and a body brought,
For poor ones to admire,
And O let souls advance him, and
Still unto him retire.
O this body pleaseth my soul,
It is not so with you two,
Then praise is unto spirits Psalme
That brings this body new.
The Scripture shews this body bright,
And Spirit brings a Psalme,
Then poor hearts why are you troubled
For such a double arme,
Of a Body the Psalme sings now,
Which from the grave was brought,
O don't then cry up other things
Which is a mixed draught. (brings
But come and praise the Psalme that
The whole body so choice,
For Christ he is the first, and is
Second Resurrection voice.
Pray be not displeased at the Psalm,
And say it's mixed here,
Because the body of Jesus Christ,
So prepared doth draw near.
Pray do not bring your argument
'Gainst Christ, but to him come,
For you must bend and bow to him
That is the only Son.
And if spirit this body brings,
O eate and take your fill,
And do not so oppose what the
Spirit so sweetly brings.
Learn of the Apostles, learn of them,
Which of spirit so did write,
And O do not reject it when
It cometh down in sight.
See what report that it doth make
Of Jesus and his Crown,
And if so then, O bretheren,
Leave not though some do frowne.
For Spirit Christ doth say it will
Take of his and shew you,
O do not refuse offers of
Christs dispensations new.
Bretheren O be faithfull to Christ,
You profess him to love,
O then give up your selves when that
He comes thus from above.
Bretheren you say that you love Christ,
Pray then let it appear,
And don't object against that which,
Doth draw his body near.
If the prepared body will ride
Upon an asses colt,
O do not say 'tis not the King,
And so from him revolt.

For

For although the King is upon
A meane low kicking Colt,
Yet he is King, and doth need that
His glory to unfold;
Christ chuseth poor low and mean things
Lay's aside Rabies skill,
And sends for the poor asses colt
All bosting for to kill.
Christ needs poor things because great ones
So much do him prescribe,
Christ will not give them the glory
That in him wo'not confide,
Christ needs poor things to shew spirit,
Which is so high in power,
Because the wise will not embrace
It in his way and hour.
But they mix some of their own clay,
And of their puddle here,
With that which is holy droppings,
And from him doth appear.
O Christ doth come in such a way,
And in such mystery that
Most say O 'tis a foolish King,
That lays his honour flat.
What a King, and ride on asses colt,
When that it is so small,
O sure this is not the great King,
Who is the onely all,
But Christ minds not the scoffers, nor
For scorners doth he care,
But he doth call for the poor asse,
And rides his journey rare.
How ere he comes, be glad if he
Will set you on your feet,
If that he will instruct you how
You may the Saviour meet.
This body as the Father sends,
Be sure him so to take,
As he walkes with dispised ones,
And with the poor doth eate,
And is filling their Vials, with
His odours most compleat,
The Lord Jesus is that body,
Which took so low a seat.
O can you the Psalme understand,
It is brought by a plain mouth,
And it will please God if you take
It, in its degrees throughout;
Then observe the Psalme of degrees
Before you away do goe,
Or else you will it greatly blame,
And surely have a blow.
Therefore O now, take in the Psalme
In its high and low degree,
That brings a body so prepared,
O that you might it see.
Do you then beg Faith from on high,
From the most blessed seat,
That you may see that body, which
In glory is compleat,
And was so, before thus he came,
He did all things espie,
A body prepared, a body
With glorious Deity.
But yet not as *Beaumont* reports,
For he doth allegorize,
The body was with Deity,
But not as he describes,

The body prepar'd before time,
Was in the deities ſight;
But notioniſes of the body,
They doe not ſpeak aright.
They ſpoyl great myſteries becauſe,
They cannot bring them out;
But by an allegory, or by
A high ſpeculative mouth;
But O true crucified Chriſt,
Teacheth us myſteries here,
And O he bringeth down a Pſalm,
Which is moſt pure and clear:
A glorious body Chriſt needs muſt be,
Who takes in threefold light,
Who takes in one and three alſo,
Even the Godhead might:
That muſt all glorious be,
Who takes in Heaven and Earth,
Sea Rivers and all Creatures ſo,
From him they iſſue forth:
That muſt a glorious body be.
Who takes in light and all,
And hath Stars Sun and Element,
Within his Diety Wall,
That muſt a glorious body be,
That takes in every plant,
That takes the whole Creation in
To its high bleſſed mount.
That muſt a glorious body be,
To whom living creatures ſo bow,
And unto whom Elders fall down,
And Deity allow.
That muſt a glorious body be,
Where all *Iſrael* ſits down,
And where thoſe that are grafted in,
Receive the bleſſed Crown.
That muſt a glorious body be,
Wherein all doe ſo ſhine,
And the firſt and laſt do's appear,
And have deliverance time.
O that body, and that alone,
There is none like to it,
A very glorious body prepar'd,
Upon Almighties ſeat:
A very glorious body ſouls,
Have you ſuch Sermons had,
That of prepared body ſpeaks,
Who is with glory clad.
The ſpirit in a Sermon-Pſalm
Of Chriſts body ſo choice,
Doth here come forth, O therefore hear
This ſweet and pretious voice.
In all ages ſome Saints they have,
For this body been ſlain,
The Patriarchs and *Apoſtles* have,
With their blood it maintain'd.
O they fall down before the throne,
Before this body choice,
And ſing to him as Creatour,
With *Haleluja* voice.
O they doe ſing ſalvation to,
The Lamb that ſtood ſo ſlain,
And in his office as a Lamb,
They doe him there maintain.
A Lambs bow'd to, when he is ſeen,
In the Diety ſo great,
To have fellowſhip, and to come,
And appear on that ſeat,
And they fall down before the Lamb,
Becauſe they honour muſt give,
Unto the worthy one who doth,
Make poor fallen ones to live.
They all fall down before the Lamb,
To honour his dignity high,
And the great power that he had,
The ſeals for to make flye.
They muſt honour the Lamb for he,
And onely he could break,
And open the faſt ſealed book,
And lead up poor low ſheep.
All muſt fall down before the Lamb,
Though he look ſo ſlain,
Yet, O great was the work he did,
And none can it defame.
A Lamb although that he doth ſtand,
So upon the ſlain ground,
Yet a Lamb on a throne to whom,
Such prayſes did abound.

Yet he doth appear as a Lamb,
When in office he comes,
And when he is to reed the Book,
He muſt ſpeak with Lambs Tongue,
When reading the Book he comes forth,
As a Lamb that was ſlain;
But yet the breaking of the Seal,
Requires Lions Reign,
The breaking of the ſeals muſt have,
The Lions power and ſtrength,
And then the Book it muſt be read,
With lovely voice at length;
When Lion hath broken the ſeals,
The Lamb doth read it plain;
Before whom all thoſe doe fall down,
That are the Kings own train,
The Cherubs, Seraphims, living creatures,
And the elders compleat,
They all fall down when the Lamb looks,
From his high throne and ſeat,
A very glorious body to whom,
Living Creatures ſo bend;
And to whom elders with loud voice,
Such praiſes doe ſurrend,
A very glorious body though,
It ſtood like poor ſlain Lamb;
Yet in perfection it appears,
To ſtrike down *Babylon*.
A Lamb, and a Lamb with ſeven Horns,
O what a Lamb ſo grown,
O its a choice and precious Lamb,
Prepared for the throne,
A Lamb, and a lamb with ſeven Horns,
O how were all here met.
Seven Candleſticks, ſeven Lamps choice,
Were all at the Lambs beck,
And he had alſo ſeven Stars,
That is ſo bright a Sun,
O here was perfect number bright,
And all through the Lamb come, Lamps
Seven Horns, ſeven choice burning
Seven ſpirits him to attend;
What a number of ſeven had he,
His ſtout proud foes to rend.

O *John* ſaw Chriſt in perfection,
In his number compleat,
And O the viſions which he ſhews,
Is moſt lovely and ſweet,
A ſweet viſion of the ſlain Lamb,
When he is riſen in power,
When he had reconciled all,
He then breaks *Babylons* Tower;
Therefore ſaith he unto *Mary*,
O doe not touch me here;
For I am not yet aſcended up,
To draw perfection neer.
Don't touch me, for I have not yet,
I have not taken might,
So as to break all enemies;
And give to them a flight; (Lamb,
But now, O now *John* may touch the
When ſeven Horns doe appear,
And when ſeven eyes do ſhew him Sons,
O *John* he may draw neer,
The Lamb he is compleat in all,
He hath full Majeſty,
Sufficient value for poor ones,
Who doe his rich grace ſee.
The Lamb hath Lion ſtrength indeed,
When horns they doe come out,
When that his juſting power appears,
Againſt *Babylons* rout, (forth,
And his great ſtrength doth then come
To *Judahs* root ſo rare,
And to the branch that then ſhall call,
His beloved from far,
A glorious Lion, a glorious root,
That out of *David* ſprings,
And comes, and hath prevailed too;
For victory he brings,
Who could rouſe up *Judah* till that,
This root did ſpring and grow,
And how could the Tree have come out
If God did not thus blow,
A glorious body for that is,
The Sermon of this day,
To ſet out the body of Chriſt,
Though in a ſinging way;

Yet

Yet the Doctrine muſt proved be,
In the Pſalm that is ſweet,
O therefore minde the Doctrine,
Which ſheweth Chriſt compleat;
For faith looks not on miracle;
But on the body bright,
And therefore faith doth fetch ground (from
What it here brings in ſight,
Faith it doth goe to the body,
That is prepar'd alway,
And fetcheth power and ſtrength from (thence,
All evils to alay.
Faith therefore doth not come hither,
To fetch miracle for any;
But faith comes to ſee and behold,
Prepar'd body for many,
O faith it comes, and doth require,
The body of Chriſt to behold;
And therefore come dear ones to that,
The which will truth unfold:
Pray dear comers doe not deſire,
A miracle to have;
But pray come and with faith behold,
Whole Body riſe from grave:
Come and behold Chriſt body ſouls,
And gaze not on miracle ſtill,
O doe not follow him for looks;
That will not your ſouls fill.
Don't follow miracle bread; here
Is morſels that's more ſweet,
The whole body Father prepar'd,
Walks upon ſpirits feet;
Pray don't hunger after miracle-Loaves,
For it won't ſatisfie,
It will not break corruption,
It can't open your eye.
Pray don't love for miracle bread,
It will not make you ſtrong,
So as to ingage againſt the foe,
And ſpoyl Antichriſts throng.
Pray doe not come for miracle-bread,
For Chriſt is riſen up,
And ſpirit brings the whole body,
To give your ſouls a pluck,
Is not Chriſt body far more ſweet,
Than miracle bread ſo ſmall;
That ſatisfies thouſands of ſouls,
And is broken to all.
And this whole body here it comes,
That is more than a Loafe;
Then hearken not to miracles,
*A*gainſt the ſpirits vote;
Becauſe the whole body throughout,
And the Father is one,
And it will ſtrengthen to the work,
Of Chriſt advancing throne.
Is that enough to ſatisfie,
Inſtead of miracle here;
Then O come and eate heartily,
To whole body draw neer,
Praiſed be God for the body,
That *Iohn* did ſee ſo clear,
O praiſes to God night and day,
That this body draws neer.
*Halelu*ja, *Halelu*ja for,
That glorious viſion high,
And for the breaking up of ſeals,
Which made ſorrow to fly.
*Halelu*ja for the glorious Lamb,
And for his coming down,
And for his bleſſed, and free grace,
And for his royall Crown.
*Halelu*ja for that the Lamb is,
Unto his children come,
For to take the Book, and read it,
And open the kingdome,
It was a glorious one to *Iohn*,
That ſaid pray doe not weep;
For the Lion he hath prevail'd,
For his poor, low, loſt ſheep.
O *Iohn* you may wipe away tears,
The Lions come with power,
O the root of *David* appears,
In thy ſad weeping hope;
Iohn doe not weep for thou ſhalt know,
Great myſteries to come.
For thou are greatly belov'd by,
The bleſſed glorious Son;

John doe not weep, for now thou shalt
In bright vision behold
The things that afterwards shall come,
Unto the latter fold.
Come and behold great glorious things,
That have a sparkling shine,
Look into Heaven and behold;
What is bright and divine.
O do not *John* lie down and weep,
Thou must stand up and goe,
And look that so thou mayest see,
The enemies overthrow.
John do not weep but cast thy eyes,
Unto the glorious throne, (forth,
And view what from thence doth come
From the Eternal one.
O then *John* had a lovely sight,
That was most bright and fair,
And spirit doth invite you to
Come to this body rare.
The spirit it doth lead you to,
The things that are most high,
To him that came from Heaven to Earth,
And in the grave did lie,
Souls come to the whole body and
Doe you not stick at part,
Feed not on little morsels when,
All is sent to your heart.
Souls spirit alwaies doth and must,
For the whole body speak,
That it may carry souls unto
Christ on his lovely seat.
Souls come and take the body that,
Was crucified for sin.
And O be much in love with him,
That is the blessed King,
A glorious body souls indeed,
On him pray fix your eyes,
For this prepared body doth,
All things in it comprise.
Apply this doctrine dear souls,
Be sure you take it all,
For it will steele and strengthen you,
And keep you from a fall.

O you will be carry'd on sweetly,
And be comforted herein,
But O ther's nothing else that can
Free your poor souls from sin.
The Spirit comes and doth shew it,
So sweetly here prepar'd,
That so you may freely come eate,
Of this most dilicate cheer.
This Psalm, O it is very sweet,
Of the great King of Kings,
For O the matter is the same,
Of which the Harpers sing.
The Harpers they doe sing of thee,
Harpers as witnesses come,
And O the glorious Trumpets do
Sound of the lovely Son.
Blessed be God that doth provide,
Such a body compleat,
That doth cause his for to beleeve,
Against the erronious seat.
Blessed be God for that body,
That will over-come all,
By his great mighty power and strength,
They shall before him fall.
Blessed be God for that body
Prepar'd which Doctors so speak,
That he might confute many and
Shew divine wisdome great.
Blessed be God for that body,
That is of noble make,
A prepar'd Virgin body,
So pure in City, and Gate.
A rare choice workmanship that God,
Prepar'd for sinners vile,
That he might be their Saviour,
And all their evils foyl.
A very rare gift was indeed,
That whole body to me,
And you and every one that comes,
His free grace for to see.
Those that are rich in their conceits,
Cannot this treasure finde,
They are not in capacity,
To taste of this sweet wine.

They

They that do think that they are wise,
And will not here stoop down,
O they cannot see Jesus Christ,
And his high glorious Crown,
They cannot take in this Psalm Lord,
Which here doth speak so high,
And doth declare such wondrous things,
There Rabbies makes them fly.
O they that come to catch at words,
The Lord catch them in that,
That they may willingly lye down,
Before the spirit flat;
They that doe come and doe desire,
Something for to catch up,
That they may carry it about,
Lord give their hearts a pluck.
O come unto poor souls, O God,
O overcome their heart,
That they may not 'gainst spirit gape,
And from it fling and start.
Lord catch the catling tongues & break,
Scorners reproaching here,
That so deridingly doe speak,
'Gainst what of Spirit appears,
But let Companions see O God,
The body that's prepar'd,
O let them own a holy Christ,
That is so choice, and rare.
Companions, Christ is sweet this day,
In these his comings down,
In all his glorious victory,
To have his Martyrs fam'd.
Companions, O how sweet is Christ,
His righteousnes is great,
He is a very faithfull one,
That sits one royal seat.
O Christ was kind to Patriarchs,
And to Apostles there,
He is kinde unto Jew and Gentiles,
Though Anti-christians tear.
He is kinde to poor hearts, although
Unbelief would them slay,
Yet Christ he keeps them and doth make
Them to observe his way.

Christ must be observed aright,
By those that sing his praise,
Or else they walk not with the Lord,
Though they keep holy days.
If Christ be not observ'd in all,
Great fault hee'l with you finde,
But O with spirit he doth walk,
In his choice rushing winde.
Companions are you pleas'd with Christ,
And with his doctrine too,
Though it in Psalm be poured forth,
A course that is so new. (Psalm,
Doe you praise for Christ doctrine and
Which here he doth so bring,
O then how greatly you will be,
Reviv'd when spirit doth sing.
Hath this day to Companions been,
A teaching day most sweet,
Which hath so witnessed against
Perjur'd rebellious seat?
The voices which have gone this day,
Even in their meetings all,
Have not held forth the whole body,
To which spirit doth call.
And though that Children have met,
Different from the apostates traine,
Yet there meeting is not aright,
Nor of new Covenant straine.
Though Children have met this day,
And great prayer seems to sound,
Yet God doth not accept that which
Is not on new Covenant-ground.
O that Children would not so rise,
Against the doctrine sweet,
Which is for the whole body prepar'd,
To set on royall seat.
O that poor ones would thank spirit,
That in love so doth come;
For to overthrow that which is,
Not pleasing to the Son. (me,
Poor hearts, why doe you wrangle with
Alas what am I herein;
But O you wrangle against him,
That great teachings doth bring.

Poor

Poor hearts doe not wrangle with me,
I am but poor and ſmall,
I cannot anſwer your wranglings;
But leave it to Chriſt my all,
I dare not argue with you for,
I ſhall ſpoyl theſe high things;
Therefore I doe refer you to him,
That moſt rightly doth bring,
A confirmation from his word;
For what the ſpirit ſaid,
And let thouſands come forth to me,
In ſpirit I'le ingage.
I dare not elſe engage with one,
For that would be too ſtrong;
But in ſpirit I am confident,
Againſt a thouſand tongues,
O let God put his harp in hand,
Then I'le challenge you all,
And I doe know, I ſhall ſtand ſure,
And you will crumble and fall,
If God doth put his harp in hand,
Then no man ſhall it break.
No weapon form'd ſhall proſper againſt,
What Chriſt ſhews from his ſeal,
If once that harp be in my hand,
I'le ſtand againſt you all;
Doe what you can, yet this weapon,
Shall not at any time fall,
The harp, and viall full of odour,
Will make me ſtand upright;
Then I can challenge all that will,
Come and againſt me fight.
I fear not for to tell them now,
That I don't matter it, (ſpeak,
Though that againſt the Pſalme they
And the inſtrument would hit.
And O pray let the Rabbies come,
That doe the ſpirit hate;
And let them hear what ſpirit ſaith,
That ſpeaketh at high rate.
Prithy ſouls come, O let them come,
Entreat them to doe ſo;
That they may hear what ſpirit ſaith,
That their objections know,
Pray let Court-Chaplains come & know,
Spirit againſt their Maſter fights,
And againſt them who do ſtand up,
And ſay its day, when night.
O let Court-Chaplains enter here,
Were there hundreds of that rout,
The ſpirit here would deal with them,
And ſhew their caſting out,
The ſpirit it would ſing to them,
And ſhew their Harlot feaſts,
And tell them that the Scepter is,
That Kings that will defeat
Them, O if that ſuch men were here,
The ſpirit it would preach,
And ſhew forth the great power of him,
That Antichriſtians hate,
Companions you can witneſs that,
The ſpirit is very ſtrong,
And how that it doth challenge all,
That its powring out wrong,
Companions you can witneſs what
Spirit ſpeaks for Nations King,
And his moſt royall glory, for
Spirit doth of him ſing;
Companions dear, Companions dear,
What a glorious time is that, (pears,
When that this King with power ap-
To lay his enemies flat;
For O the time is coming that,
The enemy ſhall know,
That goes ſecurely up and down,
What is the Almighties blow.
The time is coming are you fit
Companions, what doe you ſay;
Can you ſing praiſes unto him;
For this approaching day.
Companions are you ſtrengthned,
For the King to appear;
That you may engage for the King,
And own his latter year.
Companions dear, no matter though,
Others it deluſion call,
Yet O doe you eſteem of that,
Which brings the all of all.

Its no matter though others doe,
So much dislike her shew ;
For they doe not her understand,
The Kings hot shining glow.
And therefore say its not spirit,
They cannot see it here ;
But if they knew it were the spirit,
They would for it appear,
And thus they doe refuse what they,
In prayer have for so been,
Though mercies come unto the door,
They say it is not him. (wrong,
And thus they did poore hand-maide
And say, O thou art mad ;
'Tis no *Peter* but an Angel,
'Tis no earthly clod,
O thou art mad *Rhoda*,
Unto her they did say ;
We cannot beleeve it is *Peter*,
Was their words in that day,
And thus they doe say in our time,
And count hand-maid to speak
From their fancy ; but it's that,
Comes from eternal seat ;
But what ever that they doe say,
Yet Jesus Christ is here,
And our assembling is sweet ;
Because he draweth neer.
The assembling of your selves spirit,
Doth not at all deny ;
But you are to observe that,
Which is most choice and high,
God loves that Churches should appear,
And meet in his own light ;
But O he would not have them for,
His comings down to slight;
Spirits not against assemblies ;
But holds them forth most clear.
But O let not assemblies,
Against the spirit appear ;
But if you are for assemblies,
From a true reall heart,
Then O now assemble for him,
That shouts forth piercing dart.

Against those that doe so oppose,
And so reproach and come,
Against those administrations which
Doe come forth from the Son.
O dear souls where i'st you can learne,
A doctrine more sweet,
O then goe forth to Jesus Christ,
And lye down at his feet,
O minde how that the spirit doth send,
And shew body prepar'd,
And how it sets forth to Jesus Christ,
Which is so choice and rare.
Companions dear doe you alwaies,
'Gainst miracle-mongers speak,
And doe you plead for spirit that,
Your joys may be compleat,
O doe you look for faith the which
In Jesus Christ is found ;
And will help their souls in all straights,
For it unbelief drowns.
The spirit unbelief doth check,
For it angers the Lord,
It witnesseth 'gainst what is not,
According to record.
Many time-pleasers are amongst
The union of this day,
And yet they will not suffer that,
The spirit should it gainsay ;
But the spirit it will gainsay all,
That at this day unite ;
Because they doe not goe the way,
Which in Scripture is right ;
But they doe cleave unto such things,
As fancy leads unto,
And doe despise those things that are,
So glorious and new.
But Christ he doth not own union,
Upon the ground men goe,
And I am confident hee's blast,
The union that is so.
O poor prisoners they are mislead,
Because uniting breath,
Upon false grounds is nothing but,
The fancies of their hea',

O God hath ſhewed us this day,
That all muſt lie in grave,
And all thoſe things muſt be laid by,
That men eſteemed have.
O who do plead ſo much for Chriſt,
As thoſe that unite at this day,
But yet they will not him allow,
To come in his own way.
But let any one come and ſpeak,
A few fair words of thee,
Then preſently they will unite,
To ſhew loves victory.
O miſerable love is come out,
And doth poor Children draw,
*A*nd that makes them ſo fall away,
And to ſtrike at thy Law.
But Apoſtles ſhall for Chriſt unite,
Cherubims and Seraphims high,
And all thoſe unitings that are,
Againſt him ſhall fall and dye.
Chriſt art thou left to Cherubims,
And to the Seraphims,
And to the holy Heavenly hoſt,
Thou alſo art their King.
O come, O Cherubims, O come,
King Jeſus for to Crown,
Come Seraphims with burning zeal,
For Nations King come down.
O come, come Cherubims, O come
Seraphims with burning Coal,
And O doe you appear for him,
*A*nd his glory unfold.
Come Seraphim with living Coal,
Poor ones here to rouſe up,
That they may appear 'gainſt *Babylon*,
And by the roots up pluck.
O Seraphims coal if thou doſt touch,
They will to thee accord,
And quickly riſe for Jeſus Chriſt,
*A*ccording to his word,
When Seraphims coal poor one doth touch,
They quickly will fall down,
In their ſelves and be ready for
The Lord Jeſus to Crown.

When Seraphims coal love blows afreſh,
O it will ſouls inflame,
If they ſhall not here quiet be,
Till apoſtates be ſlain.
When love blows up the altar coal,
And Seraphims forth come,
O then will poor ones be for Chriſt,
Both in their words and tongue.
It will be a very choice time,
When Seraphims here doe flye,
How many will follow the coal,
That will not now relye.
When Seraphims with a live coal,
Doth touch *Iſaiahs* tongue,
O he doth then ſtand on his feet,
*A*nd for God goeth one.
Seraphims hot coal from above,
Makes the heart look up high,
And preſently it doth goe forth,
For Jeſus Chriſt to flye.
For a voice in the coal there doth,
*A*s well as in Seraphim come,
For to raiſe up poor dying hearts,
To declare for the ſon
To ages of the Myſtery,
That from the throne did come,
*A*nd to tell them of the living Hoſt which
He ſaw above the Son.
*A*nd his Miniſtry was moſt ſweet,
For God he did out-goe,
*A*nd the glorious power did make him,
For Chriſt to over-flow.
He was deſirous that he might,
His Lord Chriſt much advance,
Therefore with open eye he looks,
When ſpirit doth on him glance.
*A*nd now dear ſouls will you goe home,
Will you on theſe things feed,
O will you then to morrow come,
For more to ſupply need.
The Lord he hath this day prepar'd,
You for more here I know,
He hath brought down his body ſweet,
To make your ſouls to grow:

O pray then call to mind Doctrine,
That holds forth Christ above,
Remember the Doctrine of the Psalm,
'Gainst miracle-mongers, that don't it love
Remember the doctrine of the Psalm
Which you have heard this day,
And O remember to apply
It after Spirits way,
That so Satan may not at all
Steal your affections away,

And O dear hearts be carefull now
Over matter you pray,
Now Lord this night I'l with thee rest,
I know thou wilt bring more,
O praised be the Lord, for what
Hath come down heretofore,
O praised be the glorious God
For what this day hath come:
I will now in thy bosome roll,
Who art the glorious Son,

NOVEMBER the twelfth 1657. about ten of the Clock.

It begun with a ſpeaking touching the faith of NOAH, *in building the Ark, and* ABRAHAM *in offering his Son, and ſo went on concerning Faith.*

BUt faith is that which pleaſeth God,
He takes his walks therein,
And is above all that men can ſhew
From their own reaſonings
In Salvation, and preſervation,
And victory throughout,
This faith muſt riſe up to the Lord
To fetch and bring all out,
Faith juſtifies the will of God,
And the foreknowledge tree,
Faith ſpeaks well of electing love,
Which reaſon cannot ſee.
Faith is the very power of God,
And life wherein doth lie,
All bleſſing and all glory, for
It pleaſeth the moſt high:
O then let all know that the Lord
Will have his will and way,
The which the Scripture doth declare,
And muſt in us bear ſway.

While this was uttered, the Quakers being preſent ſpake, but could not interrupt, for with more power and ſwiftneſſe the voice went on as followeth.

None can hinder the mighty word
Of the eternall One,
But the Devil he riſeth up,
And is offended with that tongue,
The which extolls the glorious God,
And of him doth declare,
Againſt that comes his inſtruments,
For it they cannot bear.
The Devill hates the Spirit ſhould
Extoll the eternall breath,
And that it ſhould advance that God,
Which giveth ſaving health.
The Devil rageth at the truth,
At that which is moſt choice,
To that which is Gods rare workings,
He ſends condemning voice.

The

The Devil cannot hold his peace
When God is declaring faith
According to election, and
To foreknowledge high fort,
But the Devil greatly doth rage,
And his instruments come,
Yet O spirit will sing thy praise,
And extoll the high Son,
Though all the powers of hell should rise,
And in their rage come here,
That shall not stand against that faith,
Which shines so bright and clear,
The spirit comes down to slay Devil,
And break his instruments quite,
It is sent forth for to witnesse
Against thy inward light,
Thou talk'it of inward light, but O,
For what dost thou it bring,
It is to oppose the Lord Jesus,
As Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thy light is not Jehova's light,
'Tis not light of the Son,
But 'tis that Satan hath framed
Against the glorious One.
The spirit of truth is for Christ come,
For to exalt his power,
And this doth not please the Devil
In this his tempting hour,
But doth intage the Devil so,
To plead against the truth,
Which God discovers from above
By his sweet singing Lute,
O do not thou poor man thus chat,
Or for the Devil plead,
When that his Spirit forth is come,
That did for sin so bleed.
Christ bled for sin, O why dost thou
For the Devil here so plead,
And stand up and contend for him,
And the Lord Jesus leave.
The Spirit cannot endure that you
Should against the Son go:
And therefore now against thee it comes,
Who art to Christ a foe;
The Spirit is much offended that thou
Dost thus his Psalm refuse,
And dar'st so boldly plead for that
Which Christ will never use,
The Lord Jesus doth love Spirit,
And by his sweet alarm,
He now doth witnesse against thee,
That blows the Devils horn.
The Spirit doth blow salvation,
The Spirit for that doth come,
To declare against what thou bring'st
To oppose that living Throne.
The Spirit most powerfully comes forth
To give to thee a Check,
It is most Royall, choise and pure,
And doth to Christ direct.
The Spirit is a holy one,
And full of purity.
The Spirit that crucifies self
Doth give to thee the Lie.
The Spirit it doth come from God,
And from the glorious Son,
In these his sweet appearances,
And against thee it comes,
The Spirit of foundation speaks,
Which is of Jasper stone,
And of those bright and living things,
Which are about the Throne.
The Spirit will not let thy rage,
Nor Devil, nor sin take place,
But O the glorious Spirit will
Oppose thee to thy face,
And this Spirit the Lord doth own,
And it is not in thy power
For to prevail and batter it
In thy attempting hour,
Though all of you should now oppose
What is so dear and bright,
Yet the Spirit it would declare
Against thy hellish light,
But O man thou art chained fast
To the Devils way and will,
And thou dost think Spirit to choke,
But its prevailing still.

'Tis not in thy power, nor in
Thousands were they with thee,
Nor in the Devill, nor Hell it self
To spoil this melodie;
For Spirit chiefest melody is choice,
It's glorious and rare,
O Spirits Harmony is sweet,
Nothing can with it compare.
Companions you that love the Lord,
This Spirit doth you desire,
From the Devil and his instruments,
Unto him to retire.
Dear hearts keep close unto your God,
And prize his Spirit high,
And though others oppose it, yet
Do you unto it fly.
O do you keep close unto God,
The Devils power is stain,
He nor his instruments cannot
Bring any thing to stain;
For the great God is present here,
In his Psalm that's most sweet,
Be not discouraged because it
Doth with objections meet,
But O do thou appear O Lord,
With thy power that's great,
Against those that dare to come forth
To oppose thy Royall seat,
For though objections do arise,
You are strengthened by Christs hand,
Though they do bring forth Treachery,
Yet through faith you stand.

And have a glorious sight of it,
O it is very sweet,
Dear friends can you rejoice in that
Which others count a cheat,
But Spirit sings victory over
All lies and cheats throughout:
O Spirit, it doth sing O Lord
Against the lying mouth,
The Psalm it hath a joyfull sound,
It victory can sing
Now over the accusing tongue,
And what it forth doth bring:
O the Psalm it is very pure,
And to Companions dear,
Because the Lord appears in it,
All Cheaters for to fear,
O thou dost bring us to the shore
Where living Creatures be,
And we behold the glory and,
We do thy power see,
O victory I sing O Lord
Against the lying mouth,
O Halleluia I sing,
And victory throughout:
O spirit it is powerfull,
In these thy comings down,
O what a mighty royalty
In beholding thy Crown.
O what a Noble King is Christ,
How he appears in sight,
When any opposition comes
Against children to fight.

I was an eye and ear witnesse to this Psalm against the Quakers, and heard many of their impudent objections, I shall instance some. The men came in, sate down in the room, at the end of two hours spake against the truth at the name of Christ. and electing him, then the voice answered their severall objections, which are in the Psalm, they said, we were told she could neither hear nor see, and yet she answered in words, and names me one in the room, at which they raged higher, and spake against the Kingdome truth, but the Lord sent down a louder voice, that did drown this, and so swift, that the writer could not take all, but as you may read victory, so I can witnesse that it had victory over them, that they were not able to tarry in the room, but went away raging against the truth in the Psalm pray mark the Psalm, read it again and again, much incouragement to those that have the truth, at that time to see such a decision of truth against error.

O what a victory O Lord,
Doth from Jesus Christ come,
O God the Father doth appear
Most clearly in his Son,
O what a victory O Christ
Doth shine forth in thy face,
In thy bright resurrection,
And in thy glorious grace,
Victory over death and sin,
A Royall victory,
By him that now in spirit doth
Against the Devil cry.
O what a glorious victory,
God in it doth come down,
Against all that Satan can do
His blessed truth to crown,
O what a victory is this,
That God to us doth show,
That by the very powers of Hell
Can never have a blow,
A glorious victory indeed,
O souls will you come in,
And close with Jesus Christ this day,
And part with every sin.
Victory, victory I sing
In this triumphing day,
Over the Devil, Hell and Sin,
And fears shall flie away.
When the Spirit is poured out,
O let not children fear,
Although the Devil in his doth rage,
And at out-goings tear
The glory of the Lord is here,
O then let Children
Behold his power and Majesty,
And stand in aw of him.
Unto thy children thou wilt give,
What is to thee most dear,
O thou wilt shew kindnesse to them,
That unto thee draw near.
O thou art faithfull unto them,
They shall with comfort meet,
That do keep close to Jesus Christ,
And prize his spirit sweet.

O blessed be the glorious Lord,
He will with us abide,
And will appear 'gainst those that do
Against his spirit side:
O blessed be the Lord that doth
A victorious Psalm bring,
O praised be that mighty God,
That in Spirit I sing,
Praised be God hath so poured,
And so flowed forth here
Against that hellish light that would
Thy own appearance tear,
But O thy children, O Lord,
They shall abide and stand,
And be kept close unto thy word,
By thy outstretched hand.
O thy children have not an ear
To hear their lying tongue,
Thy own children shall not receive
What from hell forth doth come:
Thy children shall not embrace
The cheats that go about,
But they shall be kept to the day
Of Redemption throughout.
Thy children are kept so fast
By the power of the Son,
That now they cannot start aside,
Though such inchantments come,
And praised be God for that which
We here have found this day
Of God, and Jesus Christ which doth
In our souls bear sway.
O You are very safe who do
Sit down, and sup with Christ,
Who have his prepared body
So freshly brought in sight,
You have heard of the body which
God prepared for you
To be broken, that still you might
His love afresh still view,
O 'Tis a Royall body, Friends,
I know you love it dear,
And that you do not at all mind
What against it appears:

O 'Tis

O 'tis a royall body, ſouls,
What can you of it ſay,
Have you embraced Jeſus Chriſt
In the Fathers own way.
O ſee how ſpirit Jeſſifies
Againſt the Devils lies;
O let it therefore teach your ſouls,
For it more up to riſe,
The more you do love God poor ſouls,
And Jeſus Chriſt do ſee,
The more you will prize and eſteem
Of ſpirits melody.
O you beloved children dear,
You ſhould for ſpirit ſtand,
You that profeſs for Jeſus Chriſt,
And for Jeruſalems Land,
Give thanks to God that overcame,
Though you ſo ſinfull be,
And this very God will appear
Againſt all Treachery,
And go away you vile ones that
Do ſo kick againſt him,
You are defi'd by ſpirit and
He manifeſts your ſinne:
O go thy way from ſpirits ſhine;
Which here appears throughout,
And againſt thee this day doth plead,
And thy deceitfull mouth,
But 'tis not in thy power to break
Thi pleaſant Harmony,
Although thou comeſt with helliſh tricks
Againſt it for to flie.

This Viſion was, the night before the Quakers came, ſhewed to her, but ſhe knew not of their coming, but the Lord did provide for their coming. By this We underſtand the riſe of them, and in what ſtrength we muſt encounter with them.

Lord, thou the viſion haſt fulfill'd,
That I this night did ſee;
For thou ſhewedſt a grievous thing,
That did come to bite me
Thou ſhewedſt a Cocatrice to me,
And it was very high,
And it had teeth that were moſt ſharp,
And againſt me it did flie,
Its teeth were like to iron,
Even like iron ſtrong,
And a fiery eye I did behold,
As it did paſſe along,
It firſt came in moſt cunningly,
And a while it did walk,
But at laſt it did open mouth,
And againſt me did talk:
O what a terrible ſight dear Lord,
Did I in night behold,
But then came power from above,
And of it I did take hold.
It was a very grievous ſight
Unto my fleſhly part,
But O the Lord did then appear,
And ſtrengthened my heart;
For O thou didſt bring forth O Lord
The other night a Viſion ſweet,
For a Lamb then there did appear
That ſtood ſlain for the ſheep:
O Lion di. ſt ſhew a Lamb to me,
With pleaſant countenance,
That did appear moſt lovely ſlain,
And did my ſoul advance
To him, and this did ſtrengthen me;
For the ſlain Lamb to ſtand,
That is ſo faithfull unto me
In his protecting hand,
The one night a Lamb I did behold,
The other a Coccatrice,
And the former did ſtrengthen me;
For it could do no leſſe.

O the Lamb it did ſtand by me,
I knew not what it did mean,
Till that the Coccatrice appear'd,
And ſtrove to make me lean.
O I did ſee a Lamb ſo ſtand
With countenance moſt bright,
But did not know the meaning till
The other appear'd in ſight,
And this Lamb my ſoul muſt extoll,
In a triumphing voice,
And O its this thou canſt not bear,
Though it be ſweet and choice,
God hath ſent forth his Spirit in power
The Godhead to maintain,
And the body that is prepar'd
Againſt thy criticall brain.
O the choice faith of Gods elect,
The Devil much doth ſpight,
And election he can't endure,
But againſt it doth fight.
The Devil doth election hate,
Againſt foreknowledge flies,
But the Spirit according to Scripture doth
Give him and thee the lie,
But O election love is ſweet,
O it is choice and pure,
O Faith muſt needs lay hold on that,
That thou canſt not endure;
For through electing love poor man,
Was ſet upon his feet,
And was made to revive again,
Through election ſweet,
And through grace was ſtrengthened,
And grew and flouriſh'd brave,
And Chriſt delighted for to come,
And bring this through his grave;
And though poor man had many a foe,
Againſt him for to fight,
Yet that faith ariſeth to God,
That comes from his Almight,
For ſo the Goſpel doth declare,
Where Chriſt ſweetly appears,
And that word, bringeth forth from him,
By which the ſoul draws near.

O faith is that the which the Lord
Greatly embraces ſtill,
O It is that which ſweetly doth
Your ſoul with good things fill,
Faith works by love, and love in faith
O companions is dear,
O what an Harmony is that,
Which herein doth appear?
Faith it doth juſtifie the Soul,
So as to condemn ſin,
And faith it purifies the heart,
The which Chriſt down doth bring.
Faith it doth juſtifie the ſoul,
It doth it in Chriſts way,
He is the object of that faith,
Which [in true ones bears ſway.
Faith it doth juſtifie from ſin,
And it is very pure,
Faith it commends the Love of God,
And ſhall for Chriſt endure,
O Faith it is prevailing, for
Victory is found therein,
That nothing can prevail againſt,
For it is from the King,
How excellent is faith O Souls,
O what of it have you,
That ſo you may moſt chearfully
Embrace the Lord anew,
O embrace Jeſus Chriſt O Souls,
With a moſt royall faith,
For O it is this will learn you
To live at a high rate,
O faith it is moſt precious,
This day it doth appear,
For the Devil he cannot bear
When it doth ſhine forth clear,
O Souls, now what of faith have you,
That hath been ſpoke of here,
And hath ſo mightily ſhined forth,
Againſt ſuch filthy gear,
If thy pen hath written it down,
I ſhall be very glad,
Becauſe the power of God this day,
Greatly the Pſalm hath clad.

If thy pen hath writ the ſwift Pſalm,
I ſhall praiſe the moſt high;
For it is worthy of thy pen
Thy Spirit it did fly,
That ſo the earth may hear of it
And that it may appear
What a mighty Spirit God did ſend,
While vile ones did draw near.
It will make all true hearts rejoyce,
And you chiefly I know,
That have been witneſſes to it,
When it did overflow,
A very bleſſed Pſalm, O ſouls,
That had victory at hand,
To ſing and triumph when that they
The Spirit did withſtand.

O will not this eſtabliſh you
In love to Spirits light,
That hath ſo great power and ſtrength
With the Devil to fight.
O if the Spirit remains in you,
It will bear rule indeed,
And it will raiſe you unto him,
That here for ſin did bleed,
Will you remember ſuch a time,
When any would you fear,
How that the glorious Spirit did
All oppoſitions tear.
A condemning power Spirit hath
Received againſt all,
That do oppoſe and ſtrike againſt
The high Salvation wall.

Here is as much as could be taken concerning the Quakers, the Pſalm being ſo very ſwift, it could not all be writ.

February

Feb. 7. 1657.

CHrist person shewed what (spake Angels
To those dear ones of old,
This glorious person did shew forth
The figures, and unfold
The Types this branch from *Jacob* came,
That *John* did see so bright,
Which did open the sealed book,
And his tears from him wipe.
The person of Christ *Jacob* did see
When he travelled on the way,
He saw the Heavens opened,
And was comforted in that day:
He saw the royal Ladder there,
Whereon divin nature walked,
Whereon the Angels loved to look,
And of it to *Jacob* talked.
Jacob must see God, but he could
Not come him for to reach,
Till the ladder was laid to Earth,
When in Christ body was preacht;
And carried up his eyes to behold
And see the glory high,
Which did greatly revive *Jacob*,
And quickened much his eye.
The person of Christ did make out
All that old *Israell* saw,
The Altar and the Tabernacle,
The person of Christ convey;
The person of Christ did shew forth the
Rare mercie seat so choice,
Which was in the Arke, and he holds out
Clearly in Gospel voice
Its meaning, he brought clearer light,
He comes in rich array,
With girdle of Gold about his paps,
Which *John* saw in his day.

The person of Christ brought forth (grace,
Which was discovered then,
When that his person did up rise
Amongst the sons of men. (Priest
The person of Christ shewed the High-
In his great office choice,
And in the priviledges he had
To utter forth his voice. (Priest
The person of Christ shewed the High-
In all his rich array,
And fully declares the deliverance,
And the redemption day. (nacle
The person of Christ declares Taber-
In all its over-layings with Gold,
For he did shine brighter than it,
And more glory unfold.
The person of Christ did shew forth
Solomons royal seat,
And sweetly discovered every Tipe,
And preacht them at high rate:
His person did not allegorize them,
As notional brains do,
As if they were not real truths,
But inward fancies new.
But the person of Christ breaks notions,
And doth not truths so take,
And speaks not like the Notionist,
But after true Records rate.
For the person of Christ the Father intrust
With the Records throughout,
And he is faithfull to his God,
And speaks plainly of them out.
The person of Christ is intrusted with
The Record of Diety,
And he doth strike down all this way
Of mens false allegory.

The perſon of Chriſt ſheweth forth all
Is in him whom is chief,
The Comprehender of the whole,
Where only is relief:
And none but God-man comprehends
The types and figures all,
For they did but him repreſent,
Whom is the all in all.
O allegorizers they abuſe
The whole Record throughout,
And greatly doth wrong the God-man,
Through whom all doth come out;
O they confound the whole Scripture,
And makes it an allegory,
And ſo doth depart from the truth,
And againſt Gods wiſdom fly.
But glorious God-man doth declare,
All was in him at firſt,
Though in a manger low and poor,
Nothing could wrong or hurt.
Shepherds ſaw glory round about,
A marvelous great ſhine,
And Angels were the meſſengers
To diſcover Chriſt high time.
To ſhew his birth his lovely birth,
As to a manger ſtate,
Yet accompanied with a glorious Hoſt
As Angels from the high gate:
From the gate of power, that lovely gate,
From which the Angels came,
He is ſurrounded with glory,
More bright than any flame.
Angels *John* ſaw about Lamb Throne,
So did the Shepheard here
Behold Angels ſervants to Chriſt,
Though in a manger laid.
John ſaw multitude of Angels about
God, and alſo the Lamb,
So Shepheards ſaw the meſſengers
Bring tydings of Chriſt to Land.
Angels did not only delight to ſpeak
For the Son, when as a King,
But when he as an infant came,
They do attend on him.
Angels did not only honour Chriſt when
He on white horſe did ride,
But when he was in manger laid,
They appeared on his ſide.
Angels did not only give their voice
When Chriſt was in glorious height,
But when he as a ſervant came,
They ſhewed forth great mirth.
They honour Chriſt as the royal one,
For whom ſpirit doth appear,
And declareth him unto the World
In his rich Goſpel dear.
So that not only Angels but ſpirit
Declares the pretious Son,
The ſpirit that mov'd upon waters,
For him doth ſweetly come.
The ſpirit comes forth for the Son,
And honoureth his birth,
The ſpirit divided the waters,
And ordered their depth and height.
The ſpirit did for the Son come forth,
And his over-ſhadowing ſhew,
The ſpirit that divided water,
That are in depth below.
The Stars Sun and Moon, and every thing
That looks ſo clear and bright,
The ſpirit did ſweetly declare,
Alſo the pretious light.
He doth to ſinners ſweetly ſhew
The rich eternal light,
Light when all in dark chaos lay,
And alſo brings in ſight.
The Son that's light, and in his birth
Did bring rare gales of wind,
And doth declare the glorious King
That looketh ſo divine.
And ſpirit comes forth in his high works
To poor and feeble things,
And thus he doth to all declare
The royal glorious King.
That ſo all may ſee that God he doth
Thus that no fleſh may boaſt,
But that all may give honour to
Him that is Lord of Hoſts.

The ſpirit loves for to make uſe of
The poor low fooliſh things,
That ſo he might thereby exalt
The Son as King of Kings.
The ſpirit loves to ſhew himſelf
To thoſe are very poor,
That he may confound learned Doctors,
And break the ſcarlet whore.
Spirit brings to ſuch the birth of Chriſt,
The birth of the noble King,
That ſo they may rejoyce in his raigne,
And of his triumph ſing.
Praiſed be God for his ſpirit,
Ahat honours poor hand-maids vile,
Who were in the firſt tranſgreſſion,
And did the Creation ſpoyle.
Praiſed be God for the ſpirit
Which looks on fallen ones,
Tnd comes to the chiefeſt of ſinners
With tydings of Salvation.
Praiſed be God that hath ſo much
Honoured his dear Son,
And hath given him ſuch high reſpect,
When he in manger did come.
A birth, a joyfull birth indeed,
Was Chriſt though at firſt ſmall,
Yet O he was moſt great and high,
And glorious through all.
The ſpirit brought him amongſt Doctors,
And the ſpirit for him did ſpeake,
And confuted the Rabbies then,
And his Fathers wiſdom preacht,
He had no guilt nor filth at all,
Yet ſuffered for ſin,
A holy juſt perſon he was
From the very firſt conceiving.
But yet in bloody filthy gore,
He appeared for thee and me,
For ſinners and rebels he did dye,
And brought felicitie.
For ſinners which foreknowledge did
Call for to ſee free grace,
Diſcovered in his pretious blood,
Which quickeneth apace.

God as well as man, and man as God,
In one perſon did dwell,
And this ſtrikes down that Harmonie
That cannot ſing ſuch a knel.
But part Chriſt and undervallew him,
And take him by peece-meals,
Therefore they ſo run aſtray, and
Like drunkards from it reele,
For Chriſt he is true God and man,
He ſo was in firſt ſtate,
He ſo appeared in reſurrection
At high Aſcentions rate,
And ſo living creatures him behold,
Elſe they could not have worſhipt the Lamb,
For it is Idolatry to worſhip that
Which is a very man.
But God-man may be worſhipped,
And living creatures ſo did,
And Elders clod in white worſhip'd
The Lamb in the Godhead.
O high death it was honourable,
And had a lovely Crown,
That none could take away from him,
Though they did on him frown.
But yet they could not have their wills,
They would have ſpoiled him quite,
But not a bone of him muſt be broke,
That was preacht in true light.
Joſeph of old the bretheren did
So deſpiſe and abuſe,
And *Joſeph* here doth follow Chriſt,
And his Croſs not refuſe.
Joſeph muſt follow Jeſus, and
He muſt the Croſs embrace,
He waited for the Kingdom, and
Shewed it in his race,
Joſeph rich *Joſeph* now draws near
To honour the Croſs there,
To take in all the types of that man,
Which ſhewed the bow ſo rare.
Joſeph of *Arimathea* did,
In the time of the Croſs appear.
Though *Simon a Cirenian* was,
Compel'd to bear it there.

A garden inclosed is prepared
For the sweet crucified Son,
A place where he delighted in
Lillies to walk among.
A garden, a rich garden's prepared,
A garden well inclos'd,
That no swines might there rent and tear
Where lay the *Sharon* rose,
A garden inclosed for Christ body,
That no Bulls of *Bashan* might tear,
Nor any goring may come in,
Or rending there appear.
A garden inclosed for the body
Of our Saviour dear.
Whom in garden so lov'd to walke,
And alwaies to appear.
Though a Preacher of grace to all
To leave without excuse,
Yet O he rests in his garden,
There to him have refuge.
In a garden, a rich garden,
A sutable garden indeed,
Was this most pretious body laid,
Which for sinners did bleed.
A garden a rich garden which
Had all compleat about,
The wall, the door, the trees, and plants,
And every thing throughout.
A garden, where new sepulchre was,
His body in did ly,
Which was so pure so perfect and
So full of fragrancie.
A new sepulchre where none was laid,
The lovely body must have,
To shew he would make all things new,
When that he rise from grave.
A sepulchre where no bone or scul
For this rare imbalmed body
Is prepared, from whence he must
Rise, and mount up on high.
A new sepulchre he was laid in,
To shew the Kings honour great,
That died to take away sin,
He must have all new and compleat.

And this is that Lion the which
Ezekiel in vision did see,
It is the Lamb so pure and white,
Which was slaine for thee and me,
This body it was high and great,
And had a glorious rise,
And this represents those that also
Shall from him obtain life
According to the will of God,
And the most glorious Son,
And the spirit for all the three
Are seen in Salvation.
Many they say Christ is the Son
As to justification,
But as to sanctification they do
Deny the righteous One.
They therefore are to be reprov'd,
As slighters of the Son,
And as underminers of what,
For *Jehova* did come.
And spirit reproves Rabbies also,
The gross and the refin'd,
For they are also of those that
Do slily ones beguile.
Though Rabbies say we have left sure word,
Yet they shall know ere long,
That spirit doth preach the Gospel
Forth with the soundest tongue.
Though Rabbies fall off from the Lamb
That is most pure and clean,
Yet they shall see 'tis the spirit of power
Which on our souls do erne.
Alas poor Rabbies you are not
Like unto those of old,
For they were not so lifted up
Above Christ pretious folde.
O people are deluded and
They have been many a year,
Ere since Antichrist come on the stage,
They have been beguiled every where.
Though old Dr. Apostles preacht,
And Christ himself did learne,
Yet O they are besotted with
Antichrist stinking leven.

Though Christ speaketh of latter days,
Wherein he would his spirit pour,
In such choice great variety;
They'l not believe it, in its hour.
And Christ saith that before it shall come
Lying words and many a cheat,
Against the spirit and the Son,
And his most glorious seat.
And they do say how shall we know
Between true and the false,
But God he sends his spirit forth
For to shew what is dross.
And true spirit doth take in Scripture,
By faith no allegories,
And it doth shew forth Jesus Christ,
In's birth, death and his rise.
And the spirit it sheweth forth Christ,
In his offices and we may see,
The three in one and one in three
In divine diety.
The spirit shewed the true God,
In true man here to dwell,
And thus shewed the choice rare one
Through forth the joyfull knel.
The spirit shewed the figures,
And all the choice rare tipes,
And the sweet emblems which before
Did come for Jesus Christ.
And it shewed that Christ is enjoyed
By the indwelling spirit,
By its witness and Testimony,
Unto the Godheads merit.
True spirit doth shew that Christ is enjoyed
By a sweet lively faith,
The which comes from the Son of God,
And is no tattle and prate.
True spirit shews when Christ is enjoyed,
By faith we then up rise
To the pleasure of God in Christ,
And appear holy in his eyes.
True spirit shews when Christ's enjoyed,
The soul is justified and sanctified too,
And that it goes to him alone:
For Conversation new:

True spirit leads forth unto Christ,
And then to be baptized,
Not as notionist say 'tis all in spirit,
And plain Scripture despise.
But true spirits honours the Son,
And his out-goings too,
It honours the head, and all that he
Would have his members do.
True spirit don't bring head without members,
Nor head and members without a way
Wherein they sweetly together may talk
Of the rich Ascention day.
But true spirit takes head and members,
And shews Christ lovely way,
And gives direction how they should
Act towards him in this day.
Spirit sheweth forth Christ and his way,
How they should act and speak,
And discovers that worship which
Their Souls should undertake.
Companions forsake not the assembly
Of Saints, it is most dear,
But seek it in the way of Christ,
Which most lovely doth appear.
Companions don't deny fellowship,
Nor the ordinances sweet,
If that you do spirit will reprove,
And tell you you embrace a cheat.
But Companions witness to ordinances,
And to true fellowship,
For Jesus Christ is held forth there
Before him a garden compleat.
Companions you may take this comfort
From Christ Doctrine this day,
That you have a good conscience though
Other make of you a prey.
Companions this doctrine exhorts you
To walk chearfully along,
That your may honour the spirit,
And grow for Christ more strong.
Companions be exhorted now,
Alwaies to watch and pray,
That so you may hold forth spirit
Most lively in your way.

Amen.

Companions be exhorted to
Cleave unto Spirits Pſalme;
Which is ſo full of doctrine
That will our poor hearts warme.
Companions be exhorted to eſteem,
This doctrine in a Pſalm:;
Becauſe tis of our *Davids* love,
And ſheweth forth *Solomons* arme.
Companions be exhorted to
Truſt in your power high;
For aſſiſtance when ſo many do
Againſt the truth ſo fly,
Dear companions we exhorted are,
To depart from confuſions all
And every principle and practiſe,
That doth new covenant inthrall.
Companions we are exhorted to,
Praiſe the new covenant high
Becauſe our dear Saviour did once
So willingly for us die.
That ſo we may not account low,
Nor bring objections againſt that,
But keep cloſe to reſurrection,
Which will lay all enemies flat;
Companions, we thus exhorted are,
That none may take away our Crown,
The which we do enjoy in this,
Upon true Paradiſe ground;
O Companions, we are exhorted,
That none may rob us heer
Of the rare white ſtone, and new name,
Which ſo pretious doth appear;
Companions the time of love is ſweet,
In paradice pure ground,
O it doth ſmell moſt delicate.
Let us it compaſs round;
Let us compaſs the Tabernacle!
Where the golden Pot of *Manna* ſtands,
Which will fill, and nouriſh our ſouls,
In journying to the pleaſant land:
O we ſhall ſee our *Aarons* rod,
And delight in its buddings there,
In its coming forth againſt the foe
It will all enemies tear;

Companions, the white ſtone looks bright,
It is a lovely one,
It is elect, choice, and pretious,
Lets go unto this ſtone;
O frends, let us follow the ſtarr,
That leads up to the Throne,
Which is that lovely ſpirit, for which
We have ſighed and groan'd;
A beloved ſtar, dear Companions,
A glorious ſtar indeed,
Which the Father hath beſtowed on us
With which he doth us feed;
O let us dearly priſe that ſtar
That leads unto the King,
Let us follow it all waies
For it will thither bring;
The ſtar conducted the wiſe men,
But not *Herod*, though he
Said where is the Babe, ile worſhip him,
Ile alſo go and ſe:
But the Lord God he doth diſcover
Such in there practice ſtill,
For though he ſaid ile worſhip him,
It was that he might him kill.
Companions, let us keep our eye
Still fixed on the ſon,
And let us priſe him very high
How ever he doth come;
Converſe with the ſpirit in Scripture,
That right models you may know,
Be aſhamed of what you have done a-miſs,
And he will the pattern ſhow;
We ſhall have direction and guide
Both what to do and ſay,
In all our practices throughout
In this the latter day;
We ſhall be ready to receive
Of our Lord, when that we
Are made aſhamed of our wayes
We ſhall his glory ſee;
When we are troubled at our wayes,
We ſhall an aſſembly be,
And not depart at all from that
Which is felicitie.

At the foot of Christ it is good to be
In this confused day,
Wherein so many reare up things,
That are after their own way.
And then we shall know where he feeds,
And what doth please the Son,
And where he doth lead forth his flock;
When unto him we come.
O tell us thou whom our souls loves,
How and where we shall go,
O saith the spouse where is thy flock,
Teach me that I may know.
She runs to Christ her beloved,
To shew her his right way,
And O she saith tell me my love,
Let's know it in this day.
And she saith tell, O tell me you,
Whom my soul loveth dear,
Where thou feedest in the noon time,
Shepherds put me to fear.
O tell me, saith the spouse, O my Shepherd,
My love tell me where thou feeds,
O set me in a right fellowship way,
Do thou supply my need.
For I would not go to other teachers,
But to him whom so lovely appears,
Tell me O saith the spouse tell me,
Thou whom my soul loves dear.
Where the only feeding place is,
For I would thither run,
And be found feeding with my love,
And my dear *Solomon*, (Love
Tell me saith the spouse, O tell me my
On whom I feed always,
For I cannot have pleasure till I come
To see those happy daies. (feeds
Tell me saith the spouse, Love where thou
For I cannot absent be;
But must go where my *Solomon* feeds;
I love him so to see.
Tel me saith the spouse where thou feedest,
For I do thee esteem,
And herefore O I would always
On thee my *Solomon* leane.
O tell me saith the spouse my Love,
Or I shall else find chat,
O I cannot sustained be,
But in thy bosome and lap. (feed'st,
Tell me saith the spouse where that thou
That I may go thither now
In this time of the Wilderness,
When so many would me bow.
O tell me saith the spouse to Christ
Where is thy feeding place,
For I cannot rest till that I
Behold my *Solomons* face. (feedest
Tell me saith the spouse, Where thou
For thou art my delight,
I cannot rest or sleep till that
Thou teachest me true light.
Thou hast looked in at the window,
And thy fingers did drop,
O tell me where thou feed'st my love
That hath such lovely locks.
O tell me where thou feed'st my Love,
That makes the Lillies grow,
And causeth the Pomgarnets to bud,
And spices to ever flow.
O tell me saith the spouse to Christ,
Where thou wisdom dost so shew,
That thither I may follow thee,
And with thy flock may go.
O tell me where thou feedest that so
I may foxes escape,
That so do spoile the tender Vine,
And deflower the grape.
O tell me where thou feed'st that so,
No foxes forth may come,
To hinder or for to deceive,
And keep from *Solomon*.
O tell me where thou feed'st my Love,
For thou hast taken my heart,
O bring me into thy Chambers,
Let me enjoy that part.
Of inward close Communion,
Let me with thee remain,
And hide me in thy secret place,
When I to thee complain,

Thy fellowſh'ps they are moſt ſweet,
And do delight my ſoul,
Therefore ſaid ſhe ſhew me my love,
Do thou thy truths unfold.
O therefore come my Love do thou,
Shew unto me thoſe things,
That golden chain of fellowſhip,
Do you inſtruction bring.
O come and do you ſhew to me
What will make my ſoul to ſing,
Shew to me Scripture-fellowſhip
That will reviving bring.
If thou know'ſt not it thou can tell,
And art unravelled quite,
O come i'l ſhew thee fellowſhip
In this bewildered night.
If thou know'ſt not my ſpouſe, but art
Laid level to the ground,
O come and I will ſhew to thee
My fellowſhips choice Crown.
If that thou doſt not know but art
Stripped of thy own things,
O prethee then come to thy Love,
He will right fellowſhip bring.
If that thou doſt not know but art
Lying at thy Lords feet,
O come and he will ſhew to thee
A fellowſhip moſt ſweet.
If that thou knowſt not come and thou
Shalt have a ſight ſo bright,
As will make thee from all things elſe
To take a ſpeedy flight.
If thou doſt not know, O then come,
The Lord doth call for thee,
To ge acquaintance where thou maiſt
Have pleaſant harmonie.
And if that thou alone my ſpouſe,
Wilt thus for me remain,
Paſs by the Shepherds that do tear,
And againſt thee complain.
If that thou wouldſt know where I feed,
If thou inquireſt the way.
Go by the foot ſteps of the flock,
And with them make thy ſtay.

And do thou come forme every thing,
All mixtures that there be,
Go by the foot ſteps of the flock,
And come and feed with me.
This is the reſurrection day,
Wherein Chriſt did appear,
But *Mary* thinks 'tis the Gardener
That unto her drew near.
Mary was in the garden where Jeſus lay,
That body undefiled,
Which with reſurrection glory riſe,
Appeared and on her ſmiled.
But ſhe at firſt did not diſcerne,
But ſaid Sir if thou canſt tell
Who hath taken away this bleſſed body
Such news would pleaſe me well.
If thou wilt tell me where he is,
I ſhall very thankfull be,
For I long to ſee his countenance,
In riſen rich glory
But then Chriſt did her heart inflame,
For *Mary* he doth ſay,
She underſtand him preſently,
And beleeved his day.
Rabboni, Lord, and Maſter dear,
My heart is touch't with thee,
For thou art my beloved Choice,
And my miſtake I ſee.
The mighty Lord he doth make choice
Of poor weak ones in all.
Both to declare his birth and he
Them to his grave doth call.
To ſee his reſurrection,
That they might ſhew it out,
For to declare his mighty worke
He takes the feeble mouth.
O reſurrection love is that,
Of which ſpirit delights to ſing,
And it doth moſt ſweetly appear
In honour of the King,
The doctrine is very ſweet,
Of reſurrection grace,
It doth lead forth to Jeſus Chriſt,
And ſheweth the Sons face.

I:

Is faith go teach, and then baptise,
In the name of the Son,
Go preach the gospel, and then say,
They must to Baptism come;
Go teach them, and when they do know
And beleeve one the Son,
Let them enjoy the priviledge
That doth in Baptism come;
Go preach, go and disciple them,
Let them see the love of Christ,
In that sweet administration
Both in his death and rise;
So teach, that they may learn,
To know Baptisme sweet,
Being plunged in the water,
Even from head to feet:
Go preach, go and disciple them,
O let them Baptisme know;
O let the poor heathen behold,
My love in Gospel glow;
Confirm and establish it,
By authority divine,
That it may serve for pattern
Unto the latter time,
And as the law of *Moses* was
Confirm'd by miracle and sign,
I must in answer unto that,
Confirm in Gospel time;
I will confirm the Gospel,
And the doctrine of grace,
And the doctrine of Baptisme
By miracle in their race;
By the Apostles I'le confirm
With testimony high,
For opposition it will come
And *Babylon* against it fly,
This Gospel hath confirmed been
With signes and miracles, so,
That none can overcome, although
They do against it go,
Though Antichrist began to rise
Long since, and housands bring,
Something against it, yet they can't
Conquer the blessed King;

O the doctrine of the Apostles,
Hath been declared to you,
Who are baptised in Jesus Christ
And see his death so new;
The doctrine of the Apostles,
Hath been held forth very cleer
To you by the spirit of the Son
And you have for it appear'd;
The doctrine and application,
It hath been opened quite,
And manifested unto you
Exceeding dear and bright;
The Apostles rule hath been declar'd
Wherein poor ones should walk,
Which Jesus Christ would have you know
In thought, in deed, and talk;
O then dear ones, do you follow
This Gospel which is pure,
And prise the Apostles doctrine,
Which alwaies shall indure;
It was confirm'd by miracles,
And wonders which were great,
By that mighty powerfull spirit,
Which gave it forth compleat;
O prise the Apostles doctrine,
It Antchrist throws down,
And it exalteth Jesus Christ,
And his most blessed Crown;
Practise the Apostles doctrine,
Faith and Baptisme they did preach,
And afterwards, you see that they
After true fellowship did reach:
Repent and be Baptis'd, said they,
For remission of sinne,
Into the name of Jesus Christ,
Which doth salvation bring;
Repent, and be Baptised, and then
Walk you in fellowship,
For unto all his ordinances
You ought for to submit;
He will shew you his administrations
Most purely and compleat,
That are ashamed of their waies
And inquise for his seat;

O mind the Apostles doctrine,
And do not you unite
To any thing but what it doth
Call you to and invite;
It is the antient blessed rule,
And it lays all things flat
That doth not conform to it,
O hearken unto that:
And when the glorious one doth come
And joyn to the soul with power,
It straight conforms to a rule,
And submits in that houre;
It doth lay hold on him by faith,
And to a rule doth stand,
It challenges all that doth oppose
His royall sweet command;
It doth not walk with subtilitie,
Or in a mixed way,
But it keeps very close to him,
And on his word doth stay,
After Baptisme Scripture doth show
And sweetly teach the rest,
And leads forth to the whole worship,
Where his do feed and rest;
For the word brings the soul unto
Conformity in every thing,
That there may be compleatness in
The service of the King.
Not in a confused or mixed way,
Or an erroneous spirit,
But after the way of Jesus Christ,
Purchased by his merit;
They will not onely turn from
Apostacy so vile,
But even from all things that do
The new choice covenant spoyle;
The Apostles doctrine will instruct
And teach in every thing,
And it will also lead from that
Which doth displease the King;
O Faith and Baptisme, it is
A doctrine very sweet
To those that do love Jesus Christ,
And are his obedient sheep;
This is not against fellowship,
But for assembling
According to a Gospel rule,
Which is pleasing to him;
And O such fellowship is sweet
That is one a right ground,
O do not rest content, till you
Have such true fellowship found;
O such a fellowship is sweet,
And clad in rich array,
It's such a fellowship, O Lord,
We long for in this day:
O such a fellowship is choice
That doth not commandements break,
O let us not be like to them
That love a mixed seat,
The law of the Son it is sweet,
Keep his commands in mind
In his death and resurrection
And look unto that time.
His death and Buriall is seen
In water, bread and wine
Holds forth his body and his bloud
And keeps it fresh in mind.
And when it is received by faith
It doth great comfort bring,
And strengthens us in our walk,
And converse with the King.
O its a lovely and pure Christ
That was so offered, (blood
Let's fetch strength from his flesh and
Draw vertue from our head.
O blessed be the glorious Lord,
That to us so doth come,
And shews his power abundantly,
To every poor one.
A lovely spirit Christ hath caused,
To come in this our day
To shew to us that Scripture rule,
In our souls must bare sway.
Dear Christ thy spirit is very sweet,
He loves to take of thine
And for to shew it unto us,
And to declare thy mind.

Dear

Dear Christ thou hast a rare cure, friend
That will not silent be,
But takes of thine as thou hast sed,
And shews thy melodie.

O praised be Christ that doth pour
Such a sweet spirit downe, (works,
That slayes Antichrists in word and
In the Sceptre and his Crown.

After this there was praying very largely.

The Evening Psalme.

PRaise the Lord all that is in earth,
And that in heaven appear;
Praise God Sea, River, and each spring,
For Lions Jubely year.
O deep, praise ye the Lord alway,
With singings that are new
O Element praise the living God;
Come stars and joyne thereto.
Praise God created Sun, and Moon,
Praise God the Elements all,
For glorious things of his City is spoke,
And all his Jasper wall.
Praise God, Angells, and Cherubims
Sound forth *Halelluja* voice,
Yea flying Seraphins come and fetch
Altar coal to burne up drosse;
Praise God Cattle one a Thousand hills,
For that redemption worke,
Which will deliver you from bondage
And unto freedome pluck;
Praise God you little Birds, and all
Give thanks and blessings also,
Unto the rare God-man whom came,
And did redemption shew; (& Flowers
Give thankes O Trees, Herbs, Plants,
All after your kind shall praise
The lovely Lamb for his dying
To purchase such rare dayes;
Companions, can you praise which the
Multitude *Iohn* did see
Of all tongues, Nations, and Kindred
That about the throne be:
Iohn saw a great multitude, that he
Was not able to number there,
And they out of all Nations came,
And praised the Lamb rare.
Companions, the multitude *Iohn* saw,
Sprang from the number twelve,
A great many from that number
Appear'd from the Kings Helm;
The 144 thousand, which
By 12 was reckoned up,
They are a multitude for the King
To give Nations a pluck:
Companions, will you go with them,
Will you praise with that number
That so their faith, and prayer, and seal,
May be in *England* as loud thunder;
Companions, go and rest with him
That is raised so high,
Take up your lodg in his bosome
That for your sins did dy;
Companions, feed on this doctrine,
Which hath been very sweet,
For it hath come dropping down, from
The Sons most blessed seat.
Companions, you are blessed here,
Therefore let your souls praise
And rejoice in the living God,
Whom giveth forth such daies;

And little ones that absent be,
Have a blessing from Love (ledge
All children that lodge in foreknow-
Christ will exalt above;
Children, babes, sucklings he will bless,
And will great kindnesse show,
Though for the present they languish,
He will shew love I know;
O the Lord bless you every way,
Strangers examine your ends,
Examine that so you may enjoy
The blessings that he sends;
Strangers examine whether you
Come fancie for to please,
Or to hear, that so you may practise
That which the King doth please;
You do not meet with any thing here
That Ordinances deny,
But opposeth the filth of sin
That is odious in his Eye; (day;
Comers, what do you come for this
O poor hearts, that you might find
Such a discovery, as may make you
Depart from an Erronious mind;
The spirit it is a sober spirit
In word, in life and all,
And the spirit requires such,
And doth them to worship call;
Now I will sweetly roul my self
In his most lovely breast,
And do you go return praise,
And in him take your rest.

A Hymme comparing Davids *Sling-ſtone and the Stone in* Daniel.

OH King *David* do thou appear,
Let thy greatneſs be ſeen ;
O come & publiſh forth thy name
O ſhow thy high ſublime :
King *David* who ſhall valourous be,
Againſt all evill ones ;
Come bend thy bow, ſhoot thy arrows,
O let off thy Cannons.
King *David* is the mighty one,
The great Prince of all ſure;
He it is which ſhall abide,
And evermore endure ;
The *Goliah* can *David* ſlay,
Nothing can him affright,
Becauſe he is the onely one,
He is the Antitype :
King *Davids* ſling and ſtone ſhall come,
And through *Goliah* go,
Which will break the Philiſtims down,
And give a deadly blow ;
King *David* is ſo royal, and
So great and rich, doubtleſs
That they who ſtand for him, ſhall be
In every thing here bleſt :
They that for King *David* will ſpeak,
They ſhall not loſers be,
For he will give to them great things,
Much their eyes ſhall ſee ;
The ſtone through enemies it doth go,
And break their Camps ſo great,
It makes the whole body of foes
Utterly here to ſplit.
The ſtone when that it doth pierce
And caſt *Goliah* down,
Then all the other ſouldiery ;
Are ſcatter'd in every Town ;
And this will the ſtone ſurely do
Within the Engliſh ſoil,
It will come forth and wound the foes
That will their Camps then ſpoil;
The little ſtone out of the Brook
Shall ſure be taken up,
And through the ſling it ſhall forth fly,
Proud boaſters down to pluck;
The ſtone, though it be ſmal, yet 'tis
A ſmooth ſtone which will flie,
So that none can eſcape its ſtroak,
For 'twill make all foes die;
Though a little ſtone, yet it doth grow
Into a Mountain great,
Which will overtop all Mountains
And their forces defeat :
Though a ſtone, yet ſuch a mighty ſtone
No weight can it compare;
It falls ſo weighty on proud men,
It doth ten thouſands tear;
Though a little ſtone, yet it will laſt
And ſure it will prevail:
'Twill break the Caſtles & the Mounts,
And open Priſon goals;
Though a little ſtone, it will command
The Towns both far and nigh,
It will draw up *Jordan* Rivers,
And alſo make them dry;

Though

Though a little ſtone, yet it will ſure,
Jerico walls b eake and lay,
And batter al Fortificat ons
That riſe up in this day.
Though a ittle ſtone it will conſume
And caſt Egyp ians down.
'Twill ruin all *Gomorrahs* and
All *Sodoms* filthy towns.
Though a little ſtone, yet it will wound,
And caſt *Leviathans* low,
O 'twill break all the jaws of thoſe
Who do it from them throw. (Towns
Though a little ſtone, 'twill break down
And ruin Iſlands too,
And go through all *Europe* alſo,
Every Tyrant to undo.
Though a little ſtone, it is ſo firm,
There's none can make a flaw,
No defilement can reach the ſtone,
Which will bring to its barre.
It will indeed paſs ſentence on
The perjur'd ſort of men,
And vow-breakers 'twill utterly ſlay,
And undo their greatneſs then.

Though a little ſtone, yet 'twill go forth
Through the Nations that are large,
O it will indeed not be kept up,
Nor ſwim in a little barge.
O 'twill ſaile through great ſhips unto
The remote places farther,
And there 'twill do moſt great exploits,
To the praiſe of the Father.
The little ſtone, 'twill the image ſmite,
And 'twill break both toes and legges,
Yea thighs and arms it will ſlay it,
'Twill ſure wound all their heads.
'Twill caſt down every one who doth
So inſolently appear,
O therefore call now thy friends up,
That they may draw thee near.
O love invite thy dear friends
In o thy boſome ſweet,
O Love do thou ſo raviſh thine,
That they may thee here meet.
My ſoul is ſwallowed up in love,
O love doth wax ſo great,
O love doth crumble me ſurely,
That lays me at thy feet.

Notes of true Viſion.

O Then come now friends and app'y
The doctrine which is ſweet,
O come and view *Iſaiahs* Viſion,
That you may ſtand on your feet.
Come ſee, O take notice of this,
That *Iſaiah* had eyes within,
Of which partake, ſo as to behold
Every ſecret ſin.
Then carry this note into all places,
Where ever you may go,
Which is that Viſion affords ſouls Eyes
To ſee how they ſhould go.

And take another note dear friends,
Which is that viſion doth produce
Such light within, and acts without,
None of Gods ſayings to refuſe.
Another note take which is that viſion
Doth lay poor hearts to ground flat,
And makes them exalt the high altar,
And ſees no coal like that.
Another note take from *Iſaiahs* viſion,
Which is when you God ſee, (ſelves
Know this ſight wil make you loath your
And relie on Altars victorie.

Another

Another note take from *Isaiahs* vision,
Which is when poor ones lie low,
The Seraphim loves to come from Alar,
The sacrifice coal to shew.
Another note take which is when vision
Into the heart and reins sinke,
They elevate the soul abundantly,
And causeth it deep to drinke.
Another note take that when vision
Of love in the soul doth burn,
They don't lead into fancie flesh,
But into the commands of the Son.
Another note take that when vision
Into inward parts do come,
They declare a holy and pure Christ,
And teacheth heart and tongue.
Another note take to know vision,
That you may not be decei'vd, (which
And cousened of your right, and that to
A crucified Christ doth lead.
Then learn this note which is when vision
Of Christ or his works appear,
They lead you up to holiness,
And to new covenant fear.
Which genders not to bondage or that
Is a whimsie of the brain, (which
But they lead unto that substantial word,
Which ever shall remain.

Another note learn which is that when
True visions are of Father and Son,
They do instruct concerning times,
And what therein must come.
Another note take that when vision
Comes from the unction pure,
They then do mould the soul into
The work of Christ more sure.
Another note take of true vision,
They do so fasten the soul
To a crucified and risen Christ,
That none can take off that hold.
Another note take concerning vision,
Which is those that are true,
They do so perfume the soul and body,
That none of mans stinch can make rue.
Another note take of Christ's vision,
That where they do appear,
Haughtiness and pride, and self falls flat,
And the heart to God draws near.
Another note learn from the visions
That are of a true kind,
They steal the spirits, and revive the heart,
And every part strength doth find.
Another note take of true visions,
Which makes them high indeed, (Spirit
And that is because from Father, Son, and
A witness doth proceed.

Now then friends treasure up these notes,
Lay them up in your breast,
That you may know the difference,
Between false visions and the best.

Faults escap'd the Press.

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THE END.